

Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

COUPON.
 Friday,
 SEPT. 22nd
 1905.
"DAILY MIRROR" DAY
ADMIT ONE
 To the CRYSTAL PALACE.
 Cut this out and present it
 at any of the Palace turnstiles.
GOOD THIS DAY ONLY.

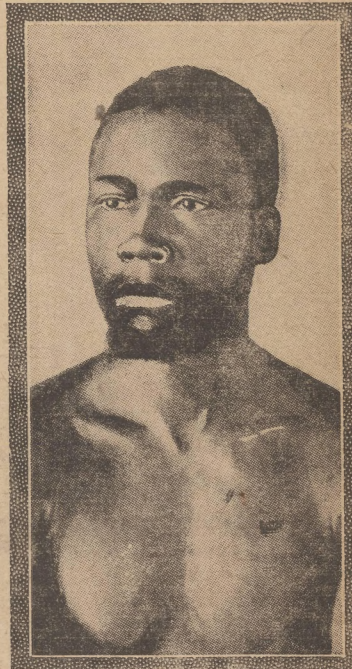
No. 590

Registered at the G. P. O.
 as a Newspaper.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1905.

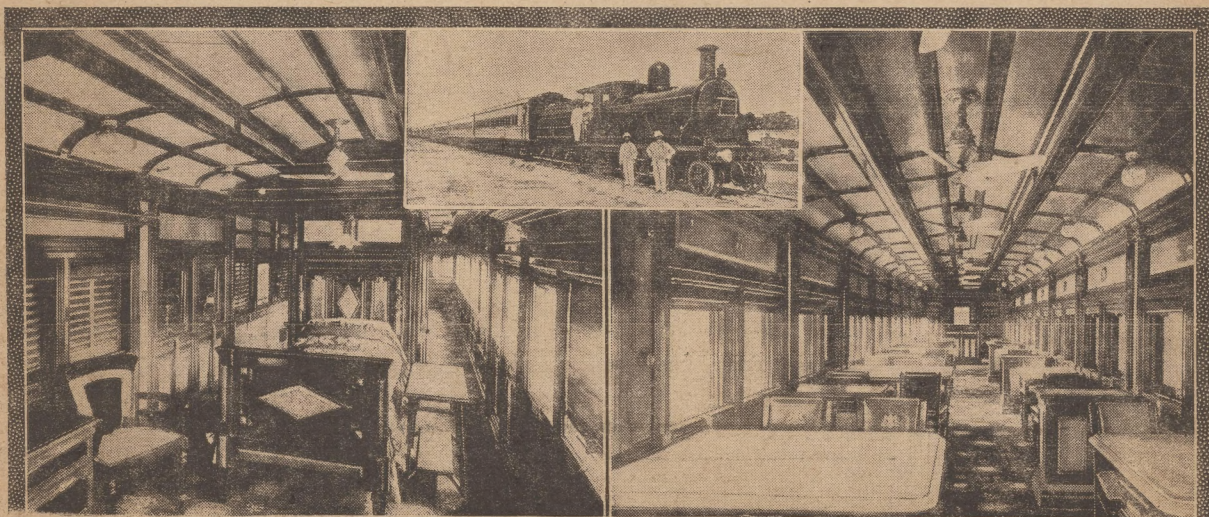
One Halfpenny.

GERMAN TROOPS BEATEN BY BLACK BOERS—A £20,000,000 WAR.



For more than a year now Germany has been engaged in a fierce "little war" of her own in South-West Africa against some tribes of Hottentots and Hereros. The natives are led by the famous chief, Hendrik Witbooi, who has just surprised and practically annihilated a great German convoy. The photographs show—(1) General von Trotha, who is in command of the German forces; (2) a group of Herero women; and (3) a splendid type of Herero chief.—(H. E. Fripp and G. A. Wilson, Aberdeen.)

SPECIAL TRAIN BUILT TO BE USED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA.



The interior of two of the carriages of the royal train which has just been built for the Prince of Wales's Indian visit. The first is the Prince's sleeping compartment, and the second is the dining-car. The smaller picture shows the royal train in its entirety.

EVERY CHOCOLATE LOVER

can by applying to her usual chocolate shop obtain one penny packet of "Swiss Frey Special" Chocolate.

Absolutely free in exchange, NOT for this advertisement, but for the Swiss Frey advertisement which appears on page 12, which also offers a 43 3/4 Gold Watch for writing 12 words to S. A. TOWELL, 110, Chesham, E.C.

PERSONAL.

"PROFESSOR LOEB discovered Lincolin Liniment—the 5-minute pain cure." CHARITY—Grateful. Vision living-death distracted. Fardon language—possible—UNASHAMED.

"The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m. and are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column eight words for 4s. and 6d. per word after—Address: Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12 Whitefriars-st. London.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8. Charles Dickens' OLIVER TWIST.

Translated by J. Conway Carr. SATURDAY, 30th SEPTEMBER, and every following Saturday, at 2.15. MATINEES.

SCALA. THEATRE. SCALA. CHARLOTTE-STREET, FITZROY-SQUARE, W. Proprietor, Mr. J. DISTIN-ADAMSON. Lessee, Mr. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

This THEATRE will be OPENED on SATURDAY NEXT, September 23rd, at 8.15, with a dramatic fantasy in four acts, entitled

THE CONQUEROR. By R. E. Fyfe. Mr. J. FORBES-ROBERTSON and Miss GERTRUDE KILLICK.

All seats may be booked in advance. Box-office now open, 10 a.m. till 6 p.m.

SCALA. THEATRE. SCALA.

COLISEUM. Charing Cross.

PROGRAMME AT 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.

GRAND MILITARY TATTOO, by Regiments representing

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES.

MISS MABEL LESSING in scenes, MY IRISH MOLLY

O and "THE EVOLUTION OF RAO TIME." CHORAL

and ORCHESTRAL SETTING by HAMISH MCCUNN, of

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS. COMEDY

COMEDY FOR B. MAGNIFICENT. SCENE from

GUNPOWDER "FAUST," with LEMPIERE PRINGLE as

MEPHISTOPHELES. MISS BEATRICE LOVE in

THE WISHING GIRL. THE COLISEUM CHORISTS.

CHARMING NEW VARIETIES.

PROGRAMME AT 6 p.m.

GRAND MILITARY TATTOO, by Regiments representing

ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, and WALES.

MISS LILLIE ROZE in new scene, "MY BANJO LOO."

Choral and Orchestral setting, by HAMISH MCCUNN, of

"THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS." THE

GAMBLING MAN, sung by CARLOTTA LEVEY, preceding

a dramatic scene, "THE LAST CUT." A

Scene at the Fair Grounds, presented by ALBERTUS

and MILLAR. THE YOSHI NANIVAS TROUPE.

COLISEUM CHORISTS. THE AMERICAN BIOSCOPE.

SELECT VARIETIES.

C.O.L.I.E.T.U.M. Charing Cross.

PRICES. Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.;

Pantries, 10s., 6d., and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 4s., 3s., 2s.

(Telephone 7699 Gerard). Children under 12 half-price to

all Fountains and Stalls. Telegrams, "Coliseum, London."

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGERS'S."

ROYAL CIRCUS W. (Last Week). Over 200

Acting and Performing Animals. Daily 3 and 8. Prices

from 6d. Children half-price. Telephone 7699 Gerard.

"Jumbo Jumbo." Society's latest, "At Home" daily.

NAVAL SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES

EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

11 a.m. till 10.30 p.m. Admission 1s.

Naval construction, Armaments, and Fisheries.

NELSON'S CENTENARY RELICS.

Phalaris Village. Working Exhibits. Model of

H.M. BAND OF ROYAL ARTILLERY. WYNDHAM

EXHIBITION NAVAL BAND.

WITH THE FLEET.

Go on board the full-size Cruiser.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

Real Battles of 47 Guns, Hotchiss and Maxims. The

cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Handymen. Battle of

Trafalgar. "Our Navy." Captive Flying Machine. Great

Red Indian Village. Voyage in a Submarine. Haunted

Cabin. Famous Sea Fight. De Roban Theatre. Tiltium

Circus. And many other attractions.

"Artist's Dream." Children half-price.

MASKELINE AND DEVANT'S MYS-

TERIES. St. George's Hall, Langham-place (late Mas-

keline and Cooke's). Daily, at 3 and 8. Enormous success

of "The Masked Ball." Last starting addition, The

Enchanted Hive, a perplexing playlet, and revival of the

"Artist's Dream." Children half-price.

PROMENADE CONCERTS, QUEEN'S HALL.

TO-NIGHT AND NIGHTLY, at 8 p.m.

QUEEN'S HALL ORCHESTRA.

Conductor—MR. HENRY J. WOOD.

Is to be usual agents, Chappell & Co., 320, Regent-street.

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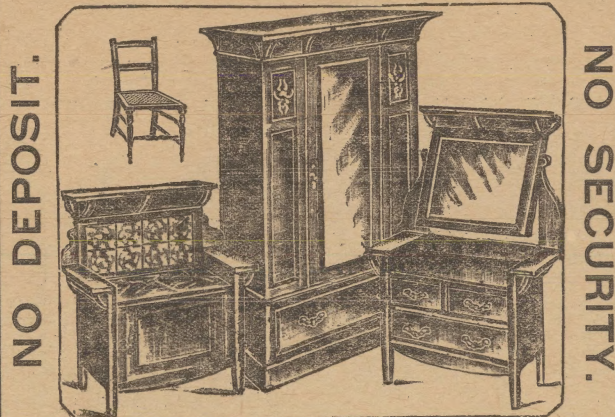
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SALE! SALE! SALE!

SIEGENBERG'S FURNISHING STORES

272 & 274, PENTONVILLE ROAD, KING'S CROSS, LONDON. Telephone: 877 North.

DIRECTLY FACING KING'S CROSS STATION (Metropolitan Ry.).



Solid Oak Bedroom Suite . . . £7 15s.

WHOLE OF STOCK MUST BE CLEARED.

TERMS.	GOODS PACKED FREE.	WRITE FOR OUR
TOWN OR COUNTRY.	CARRIAGE PAID ANY	HANDSOME CATA-
	DISTANCE.	LOGUE AND GUIDE
Worth.		POST FREE.
£10 - - - 6 0	CARPETS AND LINO.	Also Register of High-
20 - - - 11 0	LAI D FREE.	Class Second-Hand
50 - - - 21 6	- MOST CENTRAL -	Furniture.
100 - - - 2 5 0	PREMISES IN LONDON.	
200 - - - 4 10 0		
500 - - - 11 5 0		
Any amount pro rata.		

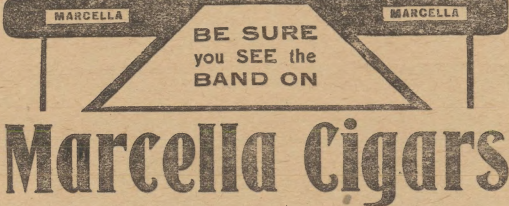
SITUATIONS WANTED.

WATCHMAKERS and Jewellers—Young man, 26, practical, seeks re-employment; highest references.—E. HAND, 152, High-st., Cheltenham.

HORSES, VEHICLES, ETC.

RUBBER Tyres fitted to trap, cart, carriage wheels in few minutes; highest quality; lowest prices.—G. NEW, Kent-road, London.

"Better be Sure than Sorry"

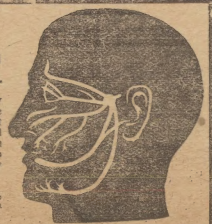


You may otherwise be "Sorry."

3d. each. Of all Cigar Dealers. 5 for 1/-

ZOX QUICKLY CURES Neuralgia.

NEURALGIA is a disease of the Nerves, and most commonly attacks the nerves of the fifth branch, which are most liable to the attacks of Neuralgia. All who suffer will be glad to know of ZOX, a simple and rapid, certified free from injurious substances. The Proprietors of the Remedy offer to send two free sample ZOX Powders to any reader of "Daily Mirror," who will send them in a stamped addressed envelope.



ZOX POWDERS can be obtained of Chemists, Stores, &c., at 1s. and 2s. 6d. a box, or post free from the ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

The Children's Breakfast.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS & EASILY DIGESTED FOOD.



Contain 70% MORE Protein than any other oats or oatmeal. Aid Digestion, Brace the Nerves.

All Grocers and Stores, 6d.

RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RLY. CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO THE SEASIDE. From Victoria, Kensington and London Bridge, and certain Suburban Stations.

Suburban Stations.			DAY TICKETS.	
For 15 Day Tickets	Week-end Tickets, B	1s	Sunday, Sept. 24	Monday, Sept. 25
8 s. d.	8 s. d.	BRIGHTON ..	4 0	4 0
6 0 4	7 0	WORKINGTON ..	4 0	4 0
6 8 6	7 0	SEAFOORD ..	4 0	4 0
6 0 4	7 0	LANTHORN ..	6 10	4 6
7 0 c	8 0	BECHILL ..	6 1	5 0
7 6 c	8 6	HARTING ..	8 4	
7 0 c	8 0	LITTLEHAMPTON		
7 0 c	8 0	ROGNON ..		
7 0 c	8 2	CHICHESTER ..	4 0	4 0
7 6 c	8 0	PLYMTH ..		
7 0 c	8 0	POPESMOUTH ..		
11 0 c	12 0	SOUTHSEA ..	6 10	4 6
		ISLE OF WIGHT	6 10	5 10

GERMAN DEFEAT IN AFRICA.

How Von Trotha's Convoy
Was Cut Up by Natives.

GRAVE POSITION.

More Captures of Horses and
Cattle by the Rebels.

To-day's telegrams throw an even more serious light on the defeat the German forces have suffered at the hands of the Herero Hottentots in German South-West Africa.

Besides the exploit of the chief Witbooi, who annihilated a German convoy consisting of two hundred to five hundred men and captured 192 wagons and many rifles, comes the report that another chief, Marengo, has broken the armistice and commenced looting settlers. A dispatch dated September 20 states that he has captured 200 horses and cattle belonging to forces under the command of Major Eckhardt. The position of the Germans in the colony is more serious than it ever was, and this after a war that has lasted nearly two years and has cost 1,150 lives and nearly £200,000,000.

The cutting-up of the German convoy seems to have been of the completest character. Henrik Witbooi, the most implacable foe of the Germans,

tactics of the natives, and there is a great scarcity of war.

The Germans are further handicapped by an insufficient supply of baggage animals, as no European horse can stand a week's work in the country, and the native stock obtainable has been greatly reduced by the demands of South Africa after the Boer war.

Henrick Witbooi, now the moving spirit of the rebellion, was once a staunch ally of the Germans. It is usually said that the Germans' failure to prevent the five tribes of their South-West African territory—the Hereros, Damaras, Ovambos, Hottentots, and Bushmen—from warring among themselves led to Witbooi becoming disgusted and throwing off the German yoke.

BLACK SIDE OF GERMAN RULE.

But another explanation is given for his unrelenting hostility. It reveals the darkest side of German maladministration in their colony.

Witbooi had a daughter, a girl of exceptional comeliness, of whom he was passionately fond. One day she disappeared, and later he learned that she had fallen into the clutches of some German soldiers, who had borne her off to their camp.

The fact that she was his daughter had not, he found, saved her from the fate which had overtaken other women of his tribe under similar circumstances, and from that hour he swore revenge upon the Germans.

LOOTING CATTLE.

CAPE TOWN, Thursday.—Two dispatches have come in from Steinkop, which is a station on the Cape Colony side of the frontier of German South-West Africa.

The first, which is dated September 18, says that the Germans report that the Chief Marengo has broken the armistice and has been looting cattle. They admit that General von Trotha's sweeping

WHERE GERMANY IS AT WAR.



Map showing German South-West Africa, where a German convoy has been annihilated by natives.

evaded the great "sweeping movement" prepared by General von Trotha, the German Commander-in-Chief, and surprised the convoy in the rear. The escort was annihilated, and 1,000 cattle, with 122 wagons, fell a spoil to the chieftain.

This is the last item in the record of blundering of General von Trotha, who has suffered many astounding humiliations. His boastful description of himself as "The Great General of the Mighty German Emperor," and his savage edict to the natives, may be recalled. He declared that the rebels should be hunted down mercilessly, and that their women should starve to death.

The Kaiser, who is greatly incensed, has appointed a successor to General von Trotha, but he will not arrive until next month.

The German troops are at a great disadvantage. The country is peculiarly suitable for the guerrilla

movement has been so far unsuccessful against Witbooi. The second dispatch, dated September 20, announces that Marengo has captured 200 of Major Eckhardt's horses and cattle.—Reuter.

NO NEWS IN BERLIN.

BERLIN, Thursday (1.40 p.m.).—No news has yet reached the Colonial Office regarding the German reverse in South-West Africa.—Reuter.

THE SEAT OF WAR.

German South-West Africa covers an area of 322,000 square miles, and lies between Portuguese West Africa and Cape Colony. Its white population is only a little over 4,000, while the natives number 200,000.

BABY PARLIAMENT.

"Might Have Been More Successful If Farce Had Been Avoided."

LIEGE, Thursday.—Although the Baby Congress here closed yesterday, certain members, whilst visiting outlying institutions devoted to the welfare of the Autocrat of the home, could not refrain from delivering impromptu speeches on "how to rear a perfect child."

Whilst Dr. Schoop, one of the directors, is highly pleased with the congress, he still believes it would have been more valuable if certain delegates had treated the questions more seriously.

"Some of the ladies," he added, "disassociated themselves from the congress, and made a farce of the proceedings."

DEATH OF COLONEL RHODES.

Adventurous Career of a Brave and
Brilliant Soldier.

Colonel Frank Rhodes is dead.

The dreaded blackwater fever with which he was seized a short time ago has proved fatal, and Colonel Rhodes passed away at Grootte Schuur, near Cape Town, yesterday afternoon.

Colonel Rhodes, who was the eldest brother of the late Cecil Rhodes, had an extremely adventurous career. One of the outstanding figures of the Jameson Raid, he was actually sentenced to death at the trial which followed.

The death penalty was commuted, and a fine of £25,000 substituted. He declined to take the oath



COLONEL FRANK RHODES.

never again to bear arms in the Transvaal, and was accordingly banished, but the beginning of the war saw him back again.

Besides fighting in the great Boer war, he went through the Matabele war in 1896 unscathed. Later on, however, he was wounded in the Soudan campaign. Here he represented the "Times" as its war correspondent, and when a fellow-correspondent was wounded Colonel Rhodes most chivalrously wrote his dispatch for him, and thus did the work of one soldier and two correspondents.

At one time he was Governor of Mashonaland and Matabeleland.

In face and appearance he was extraordinarily like his more famous brother.

He was only fifty-four years of age.

STAGE PLAYS AT THE HALLS.

Theatrical Managers Discuss the Latest
Phase of the Dispute.

At a meeting of the Theatrical Managers' Association, yesterday afternoon, at the Tavistock Hotel, Covent Garden, a general discussion took place among the score of managers present regarding the action to be taken in case the Palace Theatre insists on producing a stage play.

Mr. George Alexander was in the chair, and Mr. H. Beerbolin Tree was amongst others present.

Mr. Stanley, the association's solicitor, stated that there had been no prosecution instituted against the Palace Theatre. They were simply cautioned that if they produced a stage play there would be a prosecution, as he asserted, the theatre had no licence.

No resolutions were passed, and no decision has been arrived at.

TOKIO IMPATIENT.

TOKIO, Thursday.—There was a prolonged meeting of the Cabinet and Elder Statesmen to-day. The subject of their deliberations is not known, but it is believed that various important measures relating to foreign and internal affairs were discussed.

The public is becoming day by day more impatient for the withdrawal of martial law.—Reuter.

M. LOUBET ENTERTAINS M. WITTE.

LA BEGUE DE MAZENC, Thursday.—M. Witte and his secretary arrived at Montelimar at seven o'clock this morning. They were received by Major Huguet, M. Loubet's orderly officer, who conducted them to La Begue.

The interview between M. Witte and the President lasted two hours.—Reuter.

REPRIEVE FOR A MURDERER.

The Home Secretary has reprieved Henry Walter Poppo, the Walworth man who was condemned to death for the murder of his two children.

TSAR AND MR. STEAD.

English Journalist Appointed Political
Organiser in Russia.

AN AMAZING RECORD.

One of the most extraordinary appointments ever offered a brilliant journalist has just been given by the troubled Tsar of Russia to Mr. W. T. Stead.

The correspondent of the "Petit Parisien," telegraphing from St. Petersburg yesterday, said that the National Duma will be opened at Moscow on Monday, and its first meeting will be attended by representatives of all nationalities.

The correspondent added that Mr. W. T. Stead, who, as is known, has been received several times by the Tsar, and who quite recently had an audience at Peterhof, has been authorised to organise public meetings to discuss current political questions.

Inquiries made at the "Review of Reviews" office elicited confirmation of this statement. A letter had been received at the office from Mr. Stead, who is now in Russia, in which he mentioned that he was already holding meetings.

AMAZING JOURNALISTIC RECORD.

Mr. W. T. Stead is a man who has done many astonishing things. Leaving the Tyneside for London, when a young man, he joined the staff of the "Pall Mall Gazette," and his brilliant work there soon made him a man of mark.

Obtaining authority he ordered Lord (then Mr. Alfred) Milner to write leaders, and at one time he edited his paper from gaol. In the course of his career he has chatted familiarly with Pope Leo XIII., and been the friend of Cecil Rhodes, the confidant of Manning, the adviser of Presidents McKinley and Eugene. He was editor of a newspaper which whipped a Gladstonian Government to action and to the reform of the British Navy, and he struck a sensational blow for the purity of London streets.

Then, over seventeen years ago, he added to his journalistic laurels by interviewing the Tsar of All the Russias, Alexander II. No Russian Emperor had ever been interviewed before, and the amazement of the official world at this feat was added to by the fact that, in defiance of all Court etiquette, Mr. Stead closed the interview.

"It's perfectly monstrous. You don't mean to say you dismissed the Tsar?" said the British Ambassador.

DISMISSED THE TSAR.

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Mr. Stead, "but I knew the Empress had been waiting for her lunch for half an hour. As I had put all the questions I wished to ask, I got up, thanked the Tsar for his patience and kindness, and said I would not detain him any longer."

In later years Mr. Stead interviewed President Kruger, and became the confidant of Mr. Cecil Rhodes. Then in 1898 he interviewed the present Tsar, and was most favourably impressed by the character of that monarch.

"I thank God for him! If he be spared to Russia, that young man will go far," said Mr. Stead. He wrote a most flattering character-sketch of Nicholas in the "Review of Reviews," and is said never to have had his original impression changed.

In recent years he has descended from these heights. He has dabbled in spiritualism, edited "Borderland" and "Letters from Julia" (a "spirit" friend). He has been a pro-Ber, an advocate of Esperanto, and a vehement critic of London plays, his latest effort being a vigorous denunciation of "The Spring Children."

Now he is an adviser to the Tsar, an organiser of political meetings in a country that seems on the verge of revolution.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Owing to the scarcity of water and fodder the manoeuvres at Delhi have been abandoned.—Reuter.

Arriving in New York yesterday, with her stem damaged, the steamer Cornwall reported that she had been in collision in a fog with an unknown vessel.

Dispatches from Coruna report the arrival of train-loads of emigrants on their way to South America. So many families have deserted the houses that some villages are totally deserted.—Reuter.

It will take four days, says a Reuter telegram from Halifax (Nova Scotia), to remove the North German-Lloyd liner Bremen's broken port shaft. She will then proceed to Bremen with one propeller.

The Crown Prince of Germany has declined for the present post office to the rank of major, states the "Daily Mirror's" Berlin correspondent. He wished to lead his men in the manoeuvres with his present rank of captain.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—Gusty easterly winds; fair at first, rain by afternoon, colder.

Lighting-up time: 6.57 p.m.

Sea passages will be rough generally.

BRIDE FOR KING ALFONSO.

Alliance with the House of Orleans Favoured
by Church and State.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—King Alfonso may, it is said, shortly become betrothed to Princess Louise, the sister of the Duke of Orleans.

The San Sebastian correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" states that he has good authority for saying that such an alliance would be favoured by the Pope, the Spanish Royal Family, and the Spanish clergy.

The question of such a marriage will, he adds, be settled during the coming visit of King Edward to Spain.

BRITISH INSURANCE FOR AMERICA.

Financial Scandals Afford Opening
for English Companies.

FORTHCOMING CAMPAIGN.

A British invasion of the American Life Insurance field is to be the result of the revelations of corruption in connection with the Equitable and other great American insurance societies.

Several large English companies have been investigating conditions in the United States, and branch offices will probably be opened in New York before the present scandals blow over.

The life insurance business in America is now practically at a standstill, owing to the widespread distrust of the money-grabbing directors of even the best companies.

So great has been the feeling against the Equitable, the New York Life, and the Mutual that they are reported as having done practically no business in England since the scandals came to light.

Even the English companies have suffered from the general feeling of distrust, and life insurance business is at a low ebb.

English Companies' Record.

That the British life insurance companies, with their reputation for conservatism and economy, would be welcomed on the other side is clear from the fact that British fire insurance companies now hold a lion's share of the American business.

After the great Chicago fire the British companies promptly paid up dollar for dollar on every policy, while many American companies went into liquidation. The same thing was repeated at the great Baltimore fire.

The time is more than ripe for a British invasion, and several large companies do not deny that they are preparing for it.

The companies now doing a large Colonial business are most likely to step into the United States. The Gresham Company has long been noted for its enterprise in the Colonies, and the Prudential Company is known to have been considering the new field.

VIGOROUS CANADA.

Small and Scattered Population Which Exports
Food Worth £7,000,000 Annually.

How enormous are Canada's possibilities may be understood from the fact, given in the Canadian Statistical Year-book, issued yesterday, that in Manitoba, which is the most cultivated province, only 9.7 acres in every 100 have been tilled. Notwithstanding this great emptiness, Canada exports vast quantities of food, as this table shows:—

Meats	£4,050,000	Sheep	£230,000
Live cattle	2,000,000	Butter	100,000
Eggs	250,000		

Of the whole population of the Dominion (5,971,315, of whom 2,751,708 are males, and 2,619,607 females) over 61 in every 100 are single, and more than 34 in every 100 are married.

Divorce in Canada during 1904 was granted to only nineteen persons—a striking contrast with divorce in the United States.

NEW MARKETS FOR LONDON.

Vegetables in the West and Oriental Trinkets
in the East.

London witnessed a remarkable revival in markets yesterday.

The principal function was the reopening of the Old Portman Market in Church-street, Edgware-road, for vegetables, fruit, and flowers.

Situate as it is between the Great Central terminus at Marylebone and the Great Western at Paddington, the market supplies a large district and will take the place in West London that Covent Garden holds in the West Central.

In turn the Borough Market was the subject of discussion, the Borough Council, who desire to purchase it, being recommended to buy it at the estimate of £150,280 given by their valuer.

But the most picturesque of the new markets is the Oriental one opened at Spitalfields.

The scene just after it opened was a strange one. Every man, woman, and child in the East End of London seemed to have gathered there.

The babble of tongues—Yiddish, German, and English—was indescribable, and the medley of things offered for sale almost inconceivable. The Moorish Market in Fashion-street is likely to become one of the sights of London.

LORD ROBERTS'S VISIT TO CANADA.

Lord Roberts has definitely announced that he will be unable to visit Canada this year, as proposed.

VOGUE OF SNAKESKIN.

Anaconda Ousting Beaver in Supplying
Coats for Fair Motorists.

Wonders in dress never cease. The Anaconda snake is to oust the beaver.

This snakeskin is the newest novelty in the dress of lady motorists. At present there is only one Anaconda coat in existence, and its inventor, Mr. Ganner, proudly showed it to the *Daily Mirror*.

It was an elegant production, three-quarter length, in delicate shades of cream-colour and brown, with cuffs, collar, and revers of beaver fur, and lined with brown satin.

"Although Anaconda skin is not difficult to obtain," said the inventor of the coat, "the matching of sufficient skins is the great difficulty. The coat is made of four skins, and one of the most attractive points in its favour is the extreme lightness. Anaconda skin is as flexible and soft as broad tail, and its durability is practically everlasting. Its bright and scaly surface is never dulled, and will never wear out."

"It is several degrees warmer than any known fur, and as a trimming Anaconda skin is a novelty this season."

Collars, cuffs, and revers of the skin are all the rage, and toques, and even muffs, are being made of it.

WILL THE NEW ACT FAIL?

Unemployed Likely To Be Disappointed by
the Government Scheme.

Will the unemployed workmen be any better off now the Local Government Board have issued "The Organisation (Unemployed Workmen) Establishment Order"?

The new Order stipulates for a central body formed of members of the County Council, the Common Council, and members of distress committees of various boroughs.

The main duties of this central body will be to establish labour colonies. But several borough councils have established such colonies in past years, and the distress in their various districts was most painfully apparent.

There is at present a general impression among the unemployed that, when the Act is in working order, they will be able to all obtain employment from the distress committees or the central body.

This, they will be disappointed to find, is not the numbers as can be found for such a purpose. Employment will only be found for such numbers as can be accommodated, and where sufficient funds are forthcoming to carry on the work of relief.

WHY THE BULLDOG LOST.

Nuthurst Doctor Said to Have Been
Disqualified by Inaccurate Scales.

An astounding explanation of a celebrated bulldog's failure at the Crystal Palace show is suggested.

Nuthurst Doctor, a dog for which £1,600 was recently offered, was disqualified because, instead of weighing 55lb., it is alleged he only weighed 53lb.

But Waterlow, his owner, says that when he left Hampstead in the morning he weighed 56lb., and when he reached Brighton in the evening, having eaten no food since one o'clock, he weighed 53lb. 2oz.

Mrs. Waterlow says that when the official scales at the Palace showed that he only weighed 53lb., she objected to them. The judges suggested the scales on the High Level Station, and there his weight was returned at 55lb.

It is suggested, therefore, that the official scales were inaccurate.

TIGER WITH INFLUENZA.

Prince, Pride of the Zoo, Joins Distin-
guished Animal Patients.

Prince, the enormous tiger, presented by Mr. Archibald Forbes to the Zoological Gardens, the most valuable feline there, is "down" with influenza.

He is a pitiable sight as he lies at the back of his cage on a special bed of straw, and gives vent to the most dismal groans.

A week ago he shook hands with visitors, but yesterday he would notice nothing; even the attentions of his favourite keeper being ignored. He looks as if he had a bad head, and his eyes are very heavy.

Nevertheless, the authorities hope that Prince will soon be "up and well."

BANK MANAGER'S CONFESSION.

The late manager of the Nelson (Lancashire) branch of the Craven Bank—Frank Green—who gave himself up on a charge of stealing securities worth about £3,000, was yesterday committed for trial.

TALE OF TWO FLATS.

Colonel in the Army, Actress, and
Man of Business.

THREATS OF MURDER.

A tall young man, very stylishly dressed, and possessing an aristocratic air, was led into Marlborough-street Police Court yesterday afternoon.

It was explained to Mr. Plowden, the presiding magistrate, that his name was Hector Munro, his occupation that of manager of a vinegar works, his residence a house in Old Church-road, Mile End, and the charge against him that he had attempted to obtain by menaces the sums of £20 and £200 from Colonel James, a gentleman who lives in Great Marlborough-street, W.

The circumstances that brought the vinegar manager and the Colonel into relation with one another were very remarkable, as detailed by Mr. Edmondson, a barrister, who appeared on behalf of the latter.

Colonel James some three months ago married a lady who was an actress by profession. After their marriage they did not occupy the same home, for each had a flat, and neither flat was big enough for a married ménage. So they agreed to live apart for a while.

Stranger Demanded Money.

It was on an occasion when he was visiting his wife's flat that Colonel James found her in animated conversation with a stranger—the man who was charged yesterday.

The stranger was demanding—in a most pressing manner, the Colonel told Mr. Plowden—the sum of £20. Just to please his wife, and to relieve her from her evident embarrassment, the Colonel drew a cheque for that amount.

Some little time afterwards the stranger came to the Colonel again and declared that this cheque had been dishonoured, and that in lieu thereof he—the stranger—required a further sum of £200, which the Colonel had already been asked for by his wife.

Is it a debt? enquired the Colonel.

The stranger replied that it was more serious than a debt. It was a sum of money that he, the stranger, would take abroad, where he would make a purchase. This purchase he would throw overboard into the sea during his passage back to England.

Trouble with the Milkman.

"What will happen then?" the Colonel asked. The stranger retorted that murder would happen, but not at the Colonel's house. Nevertheless it would be something very terrible that would make the Colonel faint when he heard of it.

In a letter to the Colonel the stranger said:—

"You are a rogue, and I shall make it my business to let others know what has happened to myself. I have found you to be an unmitigated liar. I know more of your affairs, financially and otherwise, than you know."

"You will doubtless remember the recent trouble with the milkman. I am fully alive to your movements of late, even to getting 37s. 6d. Your own bank manager said that your cheque would not be honoured."

In the witness-box the Colonel explained how it was that his cheque was not met. He said that he was tired, his wife had received a loan from Munro. The lady had refused to live in the same house with him—the Colonel—until he had advanced her the £200. She seemed to be anxious about something.

A remand was ordered.

HOTEL CLERK IN TROUBLE.

Spent Money He Should Have Paid In to a
Bank in Drink and Travelling.

A serious charge was made against an hotel clerk yesterday at Bow-street.

Charles Long, the man in question, was employed by the Inns of Court Hotel, and when he was sent to pay in £258 18s. 6d. in gold, notes, and cheques he kept the money to himself.

Afterwards at his house, in Mitcham, £16 in gold, 20 25 notes, and various cheques, were found in the pockets of an old pair of trousers, and later, in a bag he left in an hotel in Gray's Inn-road, £16 in gold was discovered.

In all £227 2s. of the missing money was accounted for.

"I am sorry," said Long when arrested. "The money not found I have spent in drinking and travelling."

He was committed for trial.

'BOX AND COX' IN THE WORKHOUSE.

Overcrowding in Bedwelly (Mon.) Workhouse sick wards has led to patients sleeping on the floor; in some cases beds are occupied by one person at night and by another in the daytime.

DR. GEORGE MACDONALD'S FUNERAL.

The funeral of the late Dr. George Macdonald took place at Ashted, Surrey, yesterday, in strict privacy.

MINISTER AS ACTOR.

Novel Experiment, "For One Night
Only," at a London Theatre.

"From Pulpit to Playhouse" is a fitting title for a "turn" which a Peckham minister is to perform at the Crown Theatre to-morrow night.

The Rev. J. Ernest Thorn, of the Clifton Congregational Church, will appear in the musical comedy, "The Swiss Express."

The clergyman's appearance is to be for one night only. It has not been decided yet whether he will play the part of a hero, a villain, or a footman.

If cast for the latter part, it is the Rev. Mr. Thorn's intention to announce boldly, "My lord, the carriage waits," and then step forward to the footlights and announce his regular Sunday evening service.

"The Swiss Express" is a farcical, musical play, in which the villain is foiled and the "girl-r" rescued at the end of every act.

The Rev. Mr. Thorn will appear in the regulation clergyman's suit regardless of his part.

"I want the theatregoers to come to my church on Sunday night," said the actor-clergyman to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday. "Hence my appearance in 'The Swiss Express.'"

"The theatre manager and I have struck a bargain, by which I advertise my services and he draws a full house."

"At my Sunday evening services, which are held in the Crown Theatre, 3,000 people are regular attendants, but I would turn them all out to get a good theatre audience."

"I do not anticipate a case of stage fright as I have often preached from the stage, which I shall now tread as a Thespian."

ARCH-BIGAMIST'S VICTIM.

Another of Witzoff's "Wives," Whom His
Desertion Drove to the Grave.

A heartrending story of another of Witzoff's victims comes from Liverpool.

She was a Jewess, one of three daughters of a respectable family in the neighbourhood, and she met the arch-bigamist at a social gathering.

Soon after being introduced to the family he married the girl, whom he treated for a time with great kindness. Even when there was a suspicion that he had another wife living, his protests were so apparently sincere that she silenced all doubts.

One morning, however, he kissed his wife, left the house, and was never seen by the family again. The child that was born soon afterwards still lives, but the brokenhearted mother, overwhelmed by grief, gradually drifted into decline and sank into an early grave.

MASKED TROUBADOUR.

Songs on Behalf of Hospitals Unsuitable for
Busy Streets.

Charity assumes many forms, but, as Mr. Plowden explained at Marlborough-street yesterday, to play the part of a masked troubadour interferes with the traffic.

This is what Bernard Hollingsworth did when he desired to collect for the London hospitals. Unfortunately, when he sang to a large crowd in Curzon-street, Mayfair, a policeman asked him to move on.

"I do not know why I was charged," he explained to Mr. Plowden yesterday.

"Because this habit of yours," said Mr. Plowden, "Hobby," interrupted Hollingsworth—"call it hobby, habit, taste, want of taste, what you like, has the effect of collecting crowds. You will be discharged, but carry out your hobby in country lanes."

BUILDERS' MANY RISKS.

Fatal Accidents Bound to Occur As Long As
Present System Lasts.

In view of the exceptionally extensive building operations proceeding throughout the metropolis, special interest attaches to the remarks made yesterday by Mr. Davison, H.M. Inspector of Factories.

He told the City coroner, at an inquest held on an Upper Clapton painter, who fell from a scaffolding, that there were no compulsory regulations for safeguarding scaffolding.

Nothing was easier than for a man working on a scaffold to tumble, and so long as building operations were carried on in the way that prevailed at present he was afraid these accidents would continue.

VISITOR DROWNED AT HERNE BAY.

Below the East Cliff, at Herne Bay, yesterday, the body of a gentleman wearing a bathing-slip was found.

His clothes and umbrella were discovered some distance away. Papers found show his name to be G. S. Fleetwood.

HUGE BANK-NOTE FORGERIES.

Wide Continental Conspiracy—Arrest by London Police.

The London police attach great importance to the arrest this week, in Kennington Park-road, of a Russian named Nachem Schapira in connection with extensive banknote forgeries, which have been troubling the Continental authorities.

This development has followed upon certain requests made by the Vienna police, who, for some time, have been baffled to trace a gang responsible for the circulation of a large quantity of forged fifty kronen (£2) notes.

These notes have been so splendidly produced that their circulation has been comparatively an easy matter, and the forgers must have reaped a huge harvest.

At last they had reason to believe that London was the headquarters of the gang, and Scotland Yard at once took the matter in hand and commenced to search for a man who had already served several terms of imprisonment for forging Government bonds, and whom they arrested in London in 1891 on a charge of counterfeiting.

After being extradited and imprisoned, this man returned to London in 1900, and in respect of the four years that have intervened little or nothing is known about his movements. A description of his appearance was also given to the police.

The next development came from Vienna, where the officers arrested a man named Schwalb and a woman.

Schwalb stated he had bought the counterfeit notes from a Russian named Nachem Schapira, living in London.

The Austrian Foreign Office immediately communicated with Downing-street, who in turn advised the Home Office, with the result that a provisional warrant was granted on Tuesday for the arrest of Schapira, who is a Pole of about sixty, and has the appearance of a prosperous merchant.

He treated his arrest in an offhand manner, and will be brought up at the Extradition Court, Bow-street, next week. Stirring developments are expected.

"BARONET'S" CARD.

Smartly-Dressed Man Obtains Hotel Credit as "Sir Francis Hamilton."

The difficulties that beset hotel-keepers were graphically illustrated by a case heard at the Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday.

Smartly dressed, and described as Sir Francis Hamilton, a man of thirty-six, was charged with obtaining credit for £11 8s. 9d. from the Midland Railway Company by false pretences. It was alleged that he had gone to the company's Grand Hotel with a lady he represented to be his wife, stayed there for eight days, and then presented a cheque which was dishonoured.

Detective Goodchild said that when he arrested the prisoner at Hargrave-road, Holloway, latter denied being a baronet, but two visiting-cards bearing the name of Sir Francis Hamilton were found upon him.

A charge of bigamy might also be preferred against the prisoner, said this witness. He had a wife and four children living, and had gone through a form of marriage at St. Pancras Church.

The accused was remanded, bail being allowed.

LUDGATE SENSATION.

Victim of Shooting Outrage Still Too Ill To Appear in Court.

The Ludgate Circus shooting outrage was again brought before the notice of Alderman Sir Horatio Davies, M.P., yesterday, when the Hungarian, William Retz, was once more charged with the attempted murder of Mrs. Franks.

There was a large crowd in and about the court expecting to catch a glimpse of the wounded woman, but they were doomed to disappointment.

On behalf of the City Solicitor, Mr. Vickery said that Mrs. Franks's condition was such that the doctor had forbidden her to leave the hospital.

It was, indeed, doubtful whether she could attend next week. There was a tube in her throat, the wound was a large one, and she was being carefully watched, as the medical men feared inflammation.

Another remand was ordered.

HOW TO GET BACK TO RUSSIA.

"I did it," said Maxim Berado, a Russian, when accused of breaking a window.

"I have been to the Russian Embassy to get myself sent back to Russia, and the secretary recommended me to break a window or kill a man."

Two months' hard labour.

Dr. Richard Young, of Liverpool, Bishop of Africasia since 1884, who died in July last, left estate worth £4,076.

CRYSTAL PALACE "MIRROR" DAYS.

Many Thousands of Our Readers Accepted the Free Invitation Yesterday.

YOU CAN COME AGAIN TO-DAY.

All roads led to the Crystal Palace yesterday.

From early morn to dewy eve every route was crowded with pedestrians, cyclists, and brake-loads of happy people, carrying *Daily Mirrors*.

Train after train brought thousands upon thousands to the two principal Crystal Palace stations.

There was a curious unanimity amongst all these people. It was observed that everyone carried a copy of the *Daily Mirror*.

Why?

Because yesterday was the first of the *Daily Mirror* Days at the Crystal Palace. All these happy people carrying *Daily Mirrors* obtained free admission to the Palace simply by showing a little coupon on the top right-hand corner of the first page.

Ordinarily they would have had to pay 1s. to gain an entrance to the beautiful building and grounds. But yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow the coupons on the *Daily Mirror* give free admission.

All Sorts and Conditions.

Everyone seems to have availed himself of this wonderful privilege. Here were clergymen conducting choir-treats. Here were fathers bringing wives and children.

Early in the day Mr. Walter Hedgcock attracted a huge audience with a magnificent recital on the Crystal Palace grand organ.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition was quickly crowded, and *Daily Mirror* readers were soon deeply engaged in studying the extraordinarily interesting exhibits.

The flying-machine and water-chutes attracted the youngsters, and their fascinations proved too strong for many of our older guests.

Everyone meant to follow the advice we gave yesterday: "Enjoy yourselves and you will please us."

"Humanola" for a Guess.

In the Pompeian Court of the Centre Transept *Daily Mirror* readers were busy listening to the "Humanola." Messrs. Metzger had generously offered a "Humanola" and £2 worth of music to that *Mirror* reader who can most nearly guess the number of internal parts belonging to this wonderful instrument.

All our readers have to do is to fill up the coupons in the "Humanola" advertisement, and the lucky guesser will have a real musical memento of *Daily Mirror* Days at the Palace.

Crowds visited the Somali Village, where, for a trifling sum, they watched breathlessly thrilling contests between these doughty warriors, and heard their weird war-chant.

A clever performance by bears attracted many. It is a well-known fact that horses are terrified at bears, but here our readers would find them cantering round the ring with bears at their jockeys.

A singularly brave performance was that of Miss Cissie Paris. Miss Newham, who usually sings in the lions' dens, was unable to appear.

"Oh," said Miss Cissie Paris, who is billed to appear in the Café Chantant, "I will not have the

Daily Mirror readers disappointed. I will sing in the lions' cage."

"But you have never been in a lions' cage before."

"I don't mind; I am not afraid, and I am not going to allow these people to be disappointed. I'll sing."

And, sure enough, the brave lady sang in the lions' den as clearly and well as she has ever sung in her life.

Out on to the Terrace, and there was Miss Ella Zulla, noise done wire 300ft. up in the air.

"Wonderful!" cried our readers. And well they might, as the fearless lady rode her bicycle along that threadlike wire.

Bands in plenty played popular music to our thousands of guests in different parts of the grounds. Here were those famous military bands, H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards. There were also the Crystal Palace Band and the Norwood Prize Band.

Football and Fireworks.

Sportsmen enjoyed a rousing good football match between the Crystal Palace team and the well-known Fulham team.

To-day is "Children's Day," and the mighty crowd, estimated now at well over 70,000, as a detonating shell, bursting hundreds of feet overhead, heralded the first of a most dazzling series of fireworks.

Messrs. Brock had fairly excelled themselves. The designs were novel and on a most colossal scale. Perhaps the enormous fire-picture of the battle of the Sea of Japan was the most stu-

FREE DAYS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

To-day—Friday, Sept. 22 } - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.
(Children's Day)

To-morrow—Saturday, Sept. 23 } - 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.
(Sports Day)

On these dates you can obtain Free Admission to the Crystal Palace by producing a Coupon cut from the "Daily Mirror" published on that day.

pendous, and the flaming message of greeting from the *Daily Mirror* evoked repeated rounds of applause.

To-day is "Children's Day," but that doesn't mean that grown-up people are not to come. All our readers are welcome, and the sensational match between the Somalis and eleven boys should prove a great attraction. The Somalis have been practising vigorously.

Do not worry about obtaining copies of the *Daily Mirror*. There will be a plentiful supply waiting at the Palace gates, and you can purchase them there.

Cut your coupons out and present them at the gates. We will see that you enjoy yourselves. The more you enjoy yourselves the better the *Daily Mirror* will be pleased. Remember that.

FREE ADMISSION TO CRYSTAL PALACE FOR "DAILY MIRROR" READERS TO-DAY.

SYNOPSIS OF COLOSSAL PROGRAMME TO-DAY (FRIDAY), SEPT. 22.

10 a.m.—Somali Village, the home of the Mad Mullah's followers. Sir Hiram Maxim's Flying Machine. Huge Captive Balloon. Topsy-Turvy Railway. Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

11 a.m.—Grand Organ Recital on the great organ in the Centre Transept.

11.30 a.m.—Exhibition of Lions, Bears, Ponies—the cleverest animals in the world.

12 noon and every hour—The Mysterious Mirth of the Moon.

12.30 p.m.—Cafe Chantant—engagement of special artists, including Miss Cissie Paris.

1 p.m.—Crystal Palace Band will perform by "Daily Mirror March," composed for the occasion by Mr. Herbert Godfrey, bandmaster.

1.30 p.m.—Great Variety Entertainment in Centre Transept. The Pony Kindergarten and amazing Tug-of-War—two lions against nine men.

2 p.m.—Grand display by the warriors of the Somali Village. War dance and procession of camels, zebras, and elephants.

2.30 p.m.—Stupendous aerial feat by Miss Ella Zulla, the Champion Lady High-wire Walker.

3 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Coldstream Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens.

3.30 p.m.—Grand Entertainment in the Theatre. Little Mena, the famous child artist. Coon songs, recitations, and variety.

4 p.m.—Variety Entertainment in Centre Transept. Bears on horseback. Miss Newham will sing "Queen of the Earth" in the lions' cage.

5 p.m.—The famous band of H.M. Coldstream Guards will perform in the North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band will play on the North Terrace.

5.30 p.m.—Miss Ella Zulla will rival Boldini's feat and walk on a wire 300ft. above the ground the whole length of the Terrace.

6 p.m.—Grand Organ Recital in Centre Transept.

6.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Scots Guards in North Tower Gardens. Entertainment in the Theatre.

7.30 p.m.—Wonderful Animal Entertainment in Centre Transept—16 lions, 17 ponies, and 5 performing bears.

8 p.m.—Gorgeous Illumination of Crystal Palace Park and Gardens by myriads of fairy-lamps.

8.30 p.m.—Band of H.M. Coldstream Guards in North Tower Gardens. Norwood Prize Band on Grand Terrace.

9 p.m.—Monster Display of Fireworks—sheet of flame half a mile long and half a mile high. Special set-pieces.

9.30 p.m.—Grand Massed Band Concert by the bands of H.M. Scots Guards and H.M. Coldstream Guards in Centre Transept.

Special Features—Baby elephants, baby lions, baby performers. Firework display, specially designed and arranged to please the children.

3 p.m.—Football Match between Somalis and Boys XI.

TO-MORROW (SATURDAY), SEPTEMBER 23

—SPORTS DAY.

Programme similar to that of Friday, but with special features as follows:—

12 noon—Cricketer Match—London County C.C. (captained by Dr. W. G. Grace) v. Bromley Town C.C.

2.30 p.m.—Miss Kellerman, the famous Australian lady swimmer, specially engaged, will give an exhibition in the Boating Lake. Great Balloon Ascent by members of the Aero Club. Professor Huntington, Mr. C. F. Pollock, and Mr. J. A. Malley will make the ascent.

3 p.m.—Cycling N.C.U. ten miles championship. Final of Turner Cup (Leon Meredith, world's champion; H. C. Buck, British Empire champion; V. B. Casey, London mile champion).

5.30 p.m.—Football League Match—Crystal Palace F.C. v. Leyton F.C.

Mr. John Barsley will sing the "Death of Nelson" at the great concert.

BAD BOY EXPLORERS.

Armed with 143 Pennies They Make a Brief Expedition Into Kent.

Nurtured on the stirring literary fare to be found within the covers of certain boys' novelettes, Horace Thomas Hussey, who is fourteen, and Albert Chippendale, two years his junior, decided to leave the stifling atmosphere of Bournemouth for a wider, freer, and more exciting world.

They started on their scheme in the bold spirit of adventurous youth. They overcame the initial monetary difficulty by relieving a slot gas-meter of 143 pennies—dispensing with the preliminary consent of the company which owned it.

For some time their choice wavered between piracy on the high seas and the freedom of a highwayman's life, upon the broad heath. Still in doubt, they plunged into the rural seclusion of Kent.

They did not go unprepared. There was their trusty box-cart that creaked beneath a burden of two blankets, one quilt, a jar of jam, ditto of marmalade, some tea and sugar, saucepans, and knives and forks, the disappearance of which caused some pang of grief in the households on which they had resolutely turned their backs.

For two brief days life in the fair Kentish fields was idyllic. But there dawned a day when there was no jam in the jar and no tea to go with the sugar, even if there had been any, and the box-cart creaked no more.

Hunger at last drove them to surrender at Westenhanger, and the Ashford police conveyed them to London.

Their appearance at the Tower Bridge Police Court yesterday had reference to the vanished pennies.

Chippendale was discharged, but his doughty companion in adventure was sent to a home.

CYCLIST HOOLIGAN.

Youth of Nineteen Who Attacked a Detective with a Burgling Instrument.

Though only nineteen years of age, William Robinson, who appeared at the Guildhall yesterday, has been many times convicted, his chief offence being threats to murder, and assaults upon the police. He is an expert cyclist.

He invariably went about, it was said, armed with life preservers and a revolver. The other day he attempted first to strike Detective Hutton over the head with a jemmy, and then the Detective Board intervened he severely injured that officer.

For this offence, Sir Walter Wilkin sentenced him to fifteen months' hard labour under the Prevention of Crimes Act.

EDMONTON TRAGEDY.

Police Surgeon Says Gammon's Child Died of Starvation.

The opinions of medical experts occupied most of the attention of the Tottenham Bench yesterday, when Walter Gammon, of Edmonton, again appeared charged with the manslaughter of his four-months-old child, Constance May, by neglecting to provide her with proper medical relief.

Dr. Burns, who at the last hearing said that from what he saw of the child all the medical aid in London could not have saved its life, was cross-examined by Mr. Duncan, who appeared for Gammon.

"It is," he said, in conclusion, "physically impossible for a child suckled by a healthy woman to die of starvation unless the woman dies first."

Dr. Jones, divisional police surgeon for Edmonton, said his opinion was that the primary or indirect cause of the child's death was starvation, the secondary or direct cause pneumonia.

The baby weighed 9lb. 8oz., when it should have weighed 13lb. or 14lb.

Another adjournment was agreed to.

DR. BARNARDO'S FUNERAL.

Conference of the Family and Authorities of the Homes To Decide on the Date.

No definite arrangements have yet been made as to Dr. Barnardo's funeral.

It is not even known where he is to be buried, or whether the children of his numerous homes are to take any part in the ceremony.

A day early next week will be selected—probably Monday or Tuesday—and it is possible that the cortege may pass through the East End.

To decide this and make final arrangements a conference of his family and the authorities of his homes and schools will be held to-morrow.

SOCIAL SIDE OF UNDERTAKING.

Only eight people attended the inaugural lecture at Preston yesterday of the Preston and District Funeral Furnishers' Association, formed "to elevate the trade to a higher standard and discourage 'touting'."

A BOOK TO READ.

Baroness Orczy's Romance About
Mysterious Africa.

AN EGYPTIAN NOVEL.

BY THE GODS BELOVED. By Baroness Orczy.
(Greening, 6s.).

It is a strange and picturesque story that Baroness Orczy has told, a story rather in the manner of Mr. Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," about a fantastic and changeless civilisation hidden away in the heart of a country where telephones and railways are unknown.

Africa is the country thus removed from "progress" and the people of Baroness Orczy's fancy are Egyptians. Everybody supposes that the only Egyptians now existing are those that hold their revels in the subterranean world hollowed under the sand of their deserts, or those exposed to the curiosity of Copts in the shelves of museums. But a papyrus is discovered here by two young Englishmen, who learn from it that in the midst of the desert the old Egyptians founded a new civilisation, and they determine to go forth and find it.

Accordingly they leave the telephones, the omnibuses, and the "progress" of Hammsmith behind them and reach the African solitudes. They traverse great though not very original perils in the desert; they reach the Egyptians; and enter the Temple of Ra in their city.

While in the Temple the Englishmen are discovered, and the Egyptians, with the incident which makes the English yokel crave to throw "an' a brick" at strangers, take exception to their presence. One of the Englishmen, with remarkable presence of mind, announces himself as a pagan deity who has descended from above to marry the Queen of the country.

It would not be fair to disclose the amazing consequences of this bold feat of the Englishman's imagination. The book is well worth reading for those who like to be carried to a luxurious, glittering place out of the autumn mists. And Baroness Orczy really makes you believe that "somewhere or other there must surely be" an Egyptian city where Ra is still taken seriously. Who knows? Perhaps there really is, though it would be unwise to look at the map of Africa to find out how to reach it.

NOISY KENSINGTON.

Inhabitants Driven to Despair by Plague of
Itinerant Musicians.

There is no peace in Kensington. All day the inhabitants are disturbed by a plethora of jarring melody from itinerant musicians. So great has the nuisance become that many people have expressed their intention of seeking some less musical neighbourhood.

The musicians have been encouraged in the past by a section of the residents, and their number has grown to such an extent that at every hour of the day the streets of the royal borough resound with the strains of the

Triangle and drum.
Concertina.
Horn.
Banjo.

"I have counted a hundred musicians in a day," said a Kensington policeman yesterday. "They come here because it pays them. People who formerly gave them money for playing now hand them pennies to go away."

"The servant girls encourage them, and it is the mistresses that grumble. Not only do they annoy the householders, but they divert the attention of the maids from their work."

The police have been appealed to, but they are powerless to act unless the residents prefer a summons for annoyance against the offending musicians, and this trouble they will not proceed. Hence Kensington views the nuisance with dismay, seeing no prospect of relief.

MAYOR OF DEATH HOUSE.

Grim Dignity for Which Only Men Condemned
To Die Are Eligible.

The convicts in Sing-Sing Prison, New York, have a custom of electing a man condemned to death to be Mayor of the Death House, and, for the third time, they have elected to the post Albert T. Patrick, a lawyer, who is under sentence for the murder of William Marsh Rice, the Texas multi-millionaire.

Patrick's execution has been postponed because he has appealed, and is confident of a new trial, which will end in his acquittal.

As Mayor of the Death House he settles all disputes as to games played by men whilst awaiting the day of doom.

Amongst the men at present under sentence of death are Patrick, who has been there three years and five months; Raffaele Gascone, sentenced October 28, 1903; Jacob Huter, sentenced May 20, 1904; Frank Furlong, upon whom the sentence of death was pronounced February 6 of this year; and Edward Pekraz, who went to Sing-Sing June 28.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

A City firm has applied to the West Ham Unemployed Committee for two men to work in a warehouse and clean windows at a wage of 2s. a day.

An Acton gentleman has invented a portable iron fire-escape, which brigade experts declare very satisfactory.

A Bank of England dividend at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum was declared at the half-yearly court yesterday.

Captain J. Boestrom, naval attaché to the Russian Embassy in London, has been appointed to the command of the Vladivostok cruiser Bogatyr.

Crewe Education Committee have decided to devote twenty minutes each morning to religious instruction in their schools, and parents who object are empowered to withdraw their children during the lesson.

"Where is my basket?" was the first inquiry of a woman named West as she was drawn from under a railway carriage at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, yesterday. She had been knocked down by the engine, and the rescuers expected to find her lifeless.

To go to the North Pole by airship is the ambition of Mr. Edgar Wilson, of Pinlco, who is building what he calls the "first, full-sized, true airship ever constructed" for this purpose. He has written to the Admiralty for the assistance of a cruiser with wireless telegraph apparatus.

At the inquest on the body of Arthur Clarke, aged twenty-three, of Sale, who was found drowned in the Bridgewater Canal, at Brooklands, the father said his son was subject to giddiness, which he believed was due to excessive cigarette smoking.

Christ's Hospital scholars yesterday observed the time-honoured St. Matthias Day custom of visiting the Mansion House, where they were presented with money and refreshments by the Lord Mayor and members of the City Corporation.

Sir Clement Hill, formerly Superintendent of African Protectorates at the Foreign Office, has just presented to the Royal Geographical Society a linen collar worn by Dr. Livingstone, the missionary explorer.

For selling soda-water which contained only half a grain, instead of the regulation eight to ten grains, of bicarbonate of soda, a Rochdale mineral water manufacturer was yesterday fined.

Although the living of Christ Church, Salford, worth £475 per annum, is much more valuable than his own, the Rev. E. J. Bardsley, vicar of St. Silas's, Blackburn, has declined it.

Henley's police court missionary yesterday received £5 from a number of unknown boys, who wish the money to be divided among ten deserving cases.

At its next meeting the Metropolitan Water Board will be recommended to utilise the West Middlesex office as a laboratory, at a cost of £400.

FREE TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



If you did not go to the Crystal Palace free yesterday, go to-day; if you went yesterday, go again free to-day. And if you went yesterday and are going to-day, go yet again free to-morrow. All that you need do is to cut out the coupon on the front page. You will see, among a thousand other things, an ascent of this great balloon.

Only £28 10s. was paid at an auction at Kewick for a valuable china tea-service, said to have belonged to William Pitt.

The Princess of Wales is sending from Aberfeldie Castle a box of heather for buttonholes for a sale of work to-morrow at St. John's Club, Peckham Rye.

In memory of Lieutenant E. T. Fletcher, R.N., killed in the A8 submarine disaster at Plymouth, a Cornish granite cross was yesterday erected in Marlingford Churchyard, Norwich.

The coroner's stand in the Liverpool Exchange newsroom a miniature cone signal was fixed yesterday by means of which the storm warnings issued from the Meteorological Office may be seen at a glance from any part of the chamber.

All the fair members of the Blackburn Maidens' Natural Health Society, whose professed object is the promotion of a nobler womanhood, do not approve of its stringent rules, and several enthusiasts have banded themselves to conduct a club on less exclusive lines.

Hunting in the county of Limerick is to be opposed by the Limerick Executive of the United Irish League unless the Masters of Hounds take steps to prevent from attending the meets those landlords and agents who have failed to restore evicted tenants to their homes.

Five hundred people are thrown out of work by the destruction by fire yesterday of Messrs. Walker, Kempston, and Company's shoe factory at Higham Ferrers, near Wellingborough. The damage is estimated at £15,000.

Two dozen coins, mostly of the time of the Emperor Allectus, have been found in a well-preserved water-jug on the site of an old Roman village at Little Wellington Wood, near Watchfield, Berkshire.

Mr. R. L. Jefferson started from Coventry yesterday on a journey by motor-car to Constantinople. The Sultan has excepted him from the prohibition of motor-cars on his territory.

Seventeen Lancashire bands have entered for the great competition at the Crystal Palace to-morrow week, for which the prizes reach close on £2,000.

The autumn farewell meetings of the Church Missionary Society will be held in London on October 5 and 6.

SCIENTIFIC BREAD.

Epoch-Making Discovery Reduces

Price to 4d. a Quartern.

NUTRITION DOUBLED.

The price of bread is to be reduced from 5½d. to 4d. a loaf by cracking the starch cells in the flour.

If starch cells were the size of walnuts they could be cracked with hammers, and the money-saving process would be simple.

However, the ordinary starch cells in the baker's flour elude the human eye, and heat is to be used to open them instead of muscular energy.

Under the new process the flour is heated until the starch cells burst open.

With the starch cells open the yeast is not forced to waste its energy upon them, but can at once set to work making the dough, and in less than half the time the baker takes now the bread is ready for the oven.

By this new process, which the Quickbread Company will put into operation next week at Camberwell, 107 quarter loaves instead of 93 under the ordinary process, will be made from a 280lb. sack of flour.

NO MORE DYSPEPSIA.

The yeast germs will be able to digest the burst-open starch cells to such good purpose that the bread will be rendered remarkably easy to digest by the time it reaches the breakfast table.

Thirty depots will be opened by the company by the end of next month, and an output of 250,000 loaves a week is planned.

The French Minister of War is considering the advisability of feeding his million and a half soldiers on cell-cracked bread. A saving of £300,000 to the department is estimated.

The promoters of the new scheme claim that the additional water soaked up by the cracked starch cells makes the bread keep longer by several days than the ordinary sort.

BANK RATE UNCHANGED.

The Stock Exchange Cheered by Cheap Money
Conditions and Prices Rise All Round.

CAPET COURT, Thursday Evening.—The Stock Exchange was cheered up to-day by the absence of any rise in the Bank rate. There was another good influence in the very low price at which the Government was able to place its Treasury bills. It was a ridiculously low rate compared with working rates in the banking world, but it was, no doubt, due to the requirements of the Japanese Government.

Against these good influences people said that the Bank rate must be raised before long, and it was better to have it up and be done with it. So Consols, which at one time touched 89½, closed practically unaltered at 89.

The better position found some reflection in the Home Railway department for the leading stocks of the trade lines. Of course, this is largely based on the continued hope of trade improvement. Naturally, too, a good deal of interest is taken in the Highland and the Great North of Scotland amalgamation, though, so far as London is concerned, it is merely a rumour, for there are not many dealings in the stocks here.

The idea that the Great North of Scotland had rather the best of the bargain caused its stocks to appreciate most. Of course, the American market liked the absence of any rise in the Bank rate immensely. This and the belief that New York will get more gold from the country gave a fillip to prices, and New York was quite cheerful in the afternoon.

But the smartest rise was in Canadian Pacific to 182, though Grand Trunk stocks were also good. They put up Argentine Rails on the internal Rosario dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, and generally speaking Foreign Rails were cheerful.

Paris, of course, also liked the Bank rate news, and so nearly all Foreigners were better, though the copper shares did not benefit from the firm tendency of the metal. Perhaps a feature was the strength of Japanese bonds.

The outstanding feature of the minor groups is the strength of nitrate shares on the improved trade position. Drury Lane shares recovered from the effect of the bad report. The usual autumn "boomlet" in cycle shares is in progress.

Kaffirs fully kept up their enthusiasm, though the public did not seem to be doing much. Still, last prices were not far from the best, and at one time Bankets were got over 4, and other mining sections also reflected the more confident feeling prevailing.

WEDDING PARTY FORCED TO WALK

While a wedding party was proceeding to church in a carriage at Preston yesterday the horse fell, and was pinned below an advancing tramwaycar, the party having to continue their journey, with more haste than dignity, on foot.

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Now Ready.

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Artistic
Bindings.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1905.

THE KAISER'S BLACK BOERS.

THE German Emperor, who is so often looked upon, especially by himself, as a man of almost superhuman intellect, who can preach, teach, stop Vesuvius from having an eruption, dominate the Atlantic, pacify the Pacific, and whip any nation, big or little, with which he comes into friction, is not having such an easy time in German South Africa as a warrior of his capacity must have led himself to expect.

A man named Witbooi has met the German troops and captured their cattle, themselves, 122 wagons, and everything about them in the way of property that he wanted.

The Kaiser has a Boer war of his own that has already cost him from ten to twenty million pounds and more than a thousand lives. And the war shows no sign of ending. There is discontent in Germany over the hopelessness of the campaign.

Englishmen who remember the attitude taken up by the Germans at the time we were at war with our white Boers will be especially interested in the proceedings now going on between the Germans and their black Boers.

Englishmen are too magnanimous to be glad, but they will not feel heart-broken because the Kaiser finds it harder to defeat South Africans than we did.

We shall not send any telegram of congratulation to the chief with the peculiar name because he has met the invaders and they are his. We shall not hold meetings to regret the fact that the noble black man is ground under the iron heel of the relentless German. We shall not encourage him in any way.

But we shall be inclined to wonder if it would not be wise if the Kaiser gave up his general practice as a physician and adviser to troubled nations, and focussed his faculties on the military situation in South Africa.

He might even go there and take personal command in the field after consulting Lord Kitchener or Earl Roberts. They would be able to tell him how to defeat black Boers. His present officers do not seem to know how.

A. K.

THE TSAR'S PRESS AGENT.

The announcement is made that Mr. W. T. Stead is to be political organiser to the Tsar.

This is taken to mean that Mr. Stead will be a sort of Press agent, the publicity department of the Russian Empire, the man in charge of its advertising; but this is not a fair view of the situation.

Mr. Stead will not confine himself to being a sort of political spin thrown to the discontented masses. He will not only herald the English idea that, when people are on the point of rioting, if you can divert them into letting off steam by talking the situation is saved, but he will be a valid factor in the renaissance of Russia.

To add Mr. Stead to his collection of advisers is one of the most sensible things the Tsar has done. The Ruler of Russia is surrounded by men who belong in the middle ages. As a statesman he is a baby in arms compared with Mr. Stead.

If the Emperor has a notion of conferring any degree of political freedom upon his people he is wise in importing a teacher from the home of political freedom.

B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Man is the will and woman is the sentiment. In this ship of humanity Will is the rudder and Sentiment the sail; when woman affects to steer the rudder is only a masked sail.—Emerson.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD's message to the Duke of Connaught after the Edinburgh Volunteer Review seems to have excited a good deal of alarmed discussion amongst grammarians and literary purists. The King, you may remember, said that he was "awfully pleased" with the arrangements made for his day in Edinburgh. Awfully pleased! That colloquial expression, so far removed from the customary style of official congratulation, has once for all sanctioned the use of the word "awful" in the slang, rather than in the proper, sense.

One of the poet Tennyson's pet dislikes was this very use of the word awful. There is a story told about him in his biography in connection with the point. While he was walking in the country one day with an admiring young lady a sudden storm came on. "What an awful day," said the young lady. "Quite right, quite right," said the poet, going off at a tangent. "Mind you always use the word in that sense. No 'awfully jolly' for me." Tennyson, if he happened to be displeased, had a habit of catching one up rather abruptly

end of it, after undergoing amazing adventures on the way. Once they were attacked by a party of Bedouins, and kept by them as prisoners during the rest of the journey.

Mr. Wilfrid Blunt is proud of being a man of action, and he once informed the world, in not very vigorous verse, that "he would not if he could be called a poet." Mr. Quiller-Couch evidently calls him that, since he has included several of his poems in the "Oxford Book of English Verse." For the rest, Mr. Blunt is a great authority on Arab horses, and used to have a sale of them once a year at Crabbet Park, Worth Forest. The sale and a garden-party nearly always used to take place together, but lately Mr. Blunt has lived more at another charming house of his—New Buildings Place, near Horsham, where there are any number of art treasures given to the owner by his great friend, William Morris.

Baroness Orczy, whose new book, "By the Gods Beloved," has just been published, is a Hungarian by birth. She had never been in England and

with renewed vigour under the auspices of a regular company. Certainly the Duke of Portland possesses an enviable inheritance, but he must be beginning to regret the fact, since every now and then he has to plunge into a sea of legal documents in order to maintain his claim. The present Duke succeeded to his title some twenty-six years ago. He owns one or two of the finest houses in England. Welbeck Abbey, with its underground rooms built by the "eccentric Duke," is the most famous of them.

Mr. Cyril Maude evidently believes that punctuality is the life of time. Days ago, as our readers will remember, we published a series of letters from distinguished people on the art of enjoying a holiday. Now Mr. Maude, who is about to start on his autumn tour through the provinces, sends us a delightful little note giving his belated opinion on the subject. Mr. Maude thinks that the "man who seeks for recreation by fishing is likely to enjoy the best holiday, for when it is fine he can be happy, and when it is wet sport is at its best." "It seems to me," Mr. Maude adds, "that the fisherman is the only holiday-maker who can enjoy a wet holiday." This ingenious point may serve to wind up our discussion on the subject.

GERMAN DEFEAT IN SOUTH AFRICA.



JOHN BULL: "Suppose I sent a telegram of congratulation to Chief Witbooi, who has annihilated German troops? Let me see, how did the Kaiser word his telegram to Kruger in 1896? Oh, yes, here it is! It would do without any change, if I had the taste to send it." (Reads.) "I congratulate you most heartily upon the fact that you have succeeded, without appealing to the aid of friendly Powers, and solely relying upon your own people and energy, in overcoming the armed crowds which had entered your country as disturbers of the peace, and in restoring peace and the independence of your country as against attacks from without."

A far more thrilling anecdote about him, but one which I am afraid is not in his biography, though it is said, on good authority, to be true, tells how he once sat with another admiring young lady in an arbour at Freshwater gazing over the sea. The girl respected his silence—no doubt he was planning some immortal verse. Suddenly the poet turned round and said, in an irritated voice: "You crack, your stays crack!" which so alarmed the girl that she rose and fled into the house. When tea-time came the girl, very indignant, entered the drawing-room, where a large company was gathered together. As soon as she came in, Tennyson walked right across the room and said, as he took her hand in full view of the others: "I beg your pardon; I find it was my braces."

A very interesting person, who comes of a famous family, is Lady Anne Blunt, who celebrates her birthday to-day. She is, as most people will remember, a granddaughter of the great Byron. Byron's daughter, Ada, married the first Lord Lovelace, and Lady Anne Blunt is their child. She is probably the most intrepid traveller now living. Together with her husband she has ridden all through Arabia, Syria, Persia, and Mesopotamia. Crossing deserts they used to buy their camels at the beginning of the journey and sell them at the

could speak not a word of English until she was fifteen, and her early ambition was to be, not a writer, but an artist. She discovered her own talent for writing in a very simple way. She stayed with her husband for some months with friends in the country who had the habit (one cannot help calling it an unpleasant one) of reading aloud from their manuscripts to the assembled company in the evening. These effusions were evidently not unusually brilliant, since Baroness Orczy was encouraged by the hearing of them to start on a literary career of her own.

She began by writing short stories, and had no difficulty at all in getting them published. Indeed, from the first she has met with none of the hardships supposed inseparable from a writer's struggles for recognition. Her first play also, "The Scarlet Pimpernel," was at once accepted by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry, and played, as every one will remember, for a long run in London. Here is a case, then, of a second ambition taken up comparatively late leading to greater success than the first.

One hears with surprise that the "Portland mystery" is to be revived, and that the famous Druce claim to the dukedom is to be prosecuted

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

TOO MANY COLLECTIONS.

The poverty of the Church is due to the lack of all sense of duty on the part of Christians.

If every man were to pay his tithes as he is asked in the Bible to do (Malachi iii., 8-12 verses), and if the fund were put to the service of the Universal Church, there would be no more collections or touting.

H. W. THANE.
Gaveston Villa, Parkhurst, I.W.

If a charge were made for admission to a church, it would be taxing religion. We have not, by any means, too many people who go to church already. If we did that we should have still fewer.

I think more sensible reforms would be for the ministers to accept smaller salaries and for all churches to be opened to the public, as they are in foreign countries.

J. R. M.
Finsbury Park.

OVERCROWDING ON THE UNDERGROUND.

I always thought the English were a spirited (what we call a "spunky") race—till I came to England. I never thought a lot of Englishmen would stand crowded together in one railway-car while the next car had plenty of room in it.

I didn't stand. I just walked into the next car and sat down. The conductor said, "First-class only." I said, "Find me a seat in a third-class car." He said, "There ain't any." Then, said I, "The company is bound to give me a seat, and I stay here." And I did.

This "first-class" business strikes an American as being silly anyway. If third-class passengers can't find seats in third-class cars, is it not invading the first-class cars, they will soon put a stop to it.

HUGH K. VANDELEUR (from Cincinnati).

WHOLEMEAL BREAD.

Few people realise what a lot white bread has to do with the degeneracy of the physique of our race.

In wheat, which is the staple food of man, Nature has given us a very ellous combination, viz.: the flour or starch, the bone-forming material, and the bran, Nature's own laxative. If a great medical man had discovered these three ingredients separately, and blended them together to form a human food, he would have been called the wonder of the age, but because Nature has given us them, we carefully eradicate everything wholesome in order to have something that looks new and white on the table.

It is this horrid craze for appearance that is the bane of our present-day civilisation.

Skegby, Notts. W. BROOKE STEVENS.

"FARTHING'S OUT OF FASHION."

If these coins are so useless as your correspondent points out, instead of ceasing to issue them, would it not be a good idea to utilise them for some charitable cause.

I would suggest that collection-boxes should be placed in large drapery establishments for the farthing change, which many customers would willingly contribute.

ALLAN FEA.
Pinner.

IN MY GARDEN.

SEPTEMBER 21.—Roman hyacinths, if now potted in good soil, may be had in bloom on Christmas Day. No greenhouse is needed. Place the pots in a large box, completely burying them in coal ashes or cocoanut-fibre, and stand them out of doors. In about six weeks they may be removed to a sunny window.

Hyacinths and narcissi can be grown in a similar manner, "paper white" being a beautiful and very early variety of the latter family of bulbs.

Hyacinths and daffodils for cultivating in glasses should also be now obtained. Small plump bulbs are often better than large ones.

E. F. T.



TWO MORE FREE DAYS AT



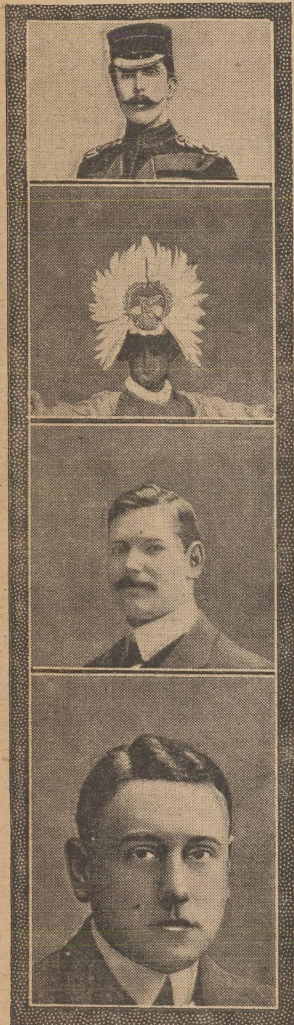
THE CRYSTAL PALACE FOR



FREE TO-DAY.

LORD ALVERSTONE'S GIFT TO SHANKLIN.

CROCODILE-FARMING

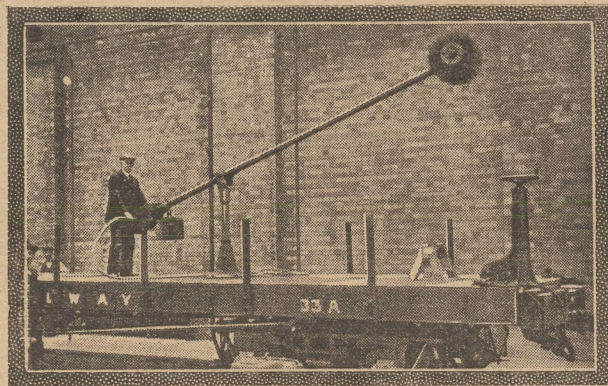


Go to the Crystal Palace to-day and to-morrow free. The originals of these photographs—Mr. Herbert Godfrey (top), Miss Cissie Paris (2nd), Mr. J. Cozens the general manager (3rd), and Mr. Walter Hedgcock (4th)—and many others will entertain you.



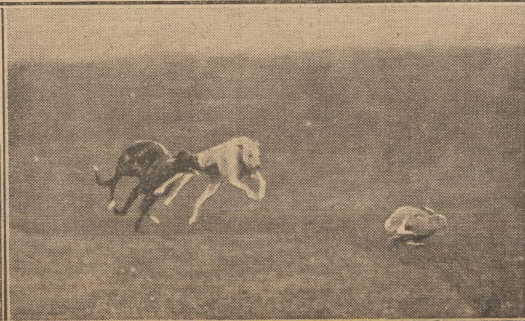
After the opening of the new cottage hospital at Shanklin by Princess Henry of Battenberg. The hospital was presented to the town by Lord Alverstone, as a memorial to his son, the Hon. Arthur Harold Webster. The small photograph is of Princess Henry of Battenberg (right) and Prince Ena (left), taken on their way to perform the opening ceremony.

CLEANING THE UNDERGROUND.

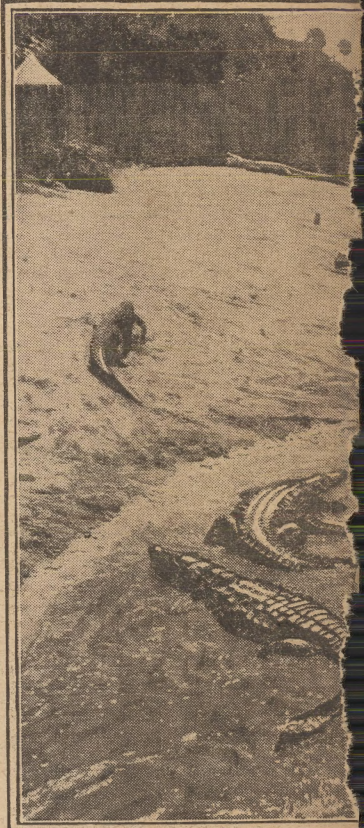


The new machine brush, invented by an official of the Metropolitan Railway, which is being used now to cleanse the smoke-begrimed tunnels for the new electric era.

OPENING OF THE COURSING SEASON.

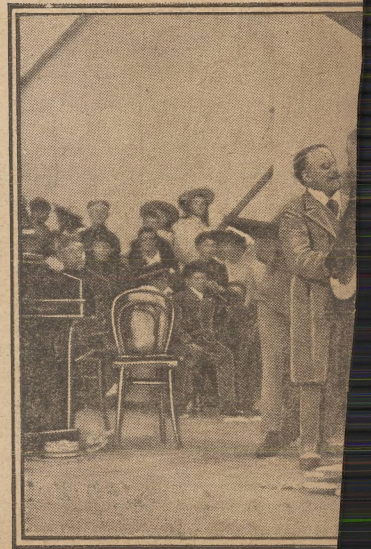


The coursing season has just opened at Plumpton, and the excellent snapshots show—(1) Slipping a couple of dogs; (2) a splendid tussle.



"Alligator Joe's" famous crocodile and alligator amassing a fortune in consequence of the great Underwood.

DR. BARNARDO A



As thousands of prosperous colonists will to always a heart-rending ordeal. Dr. Barnard men trained in his hon



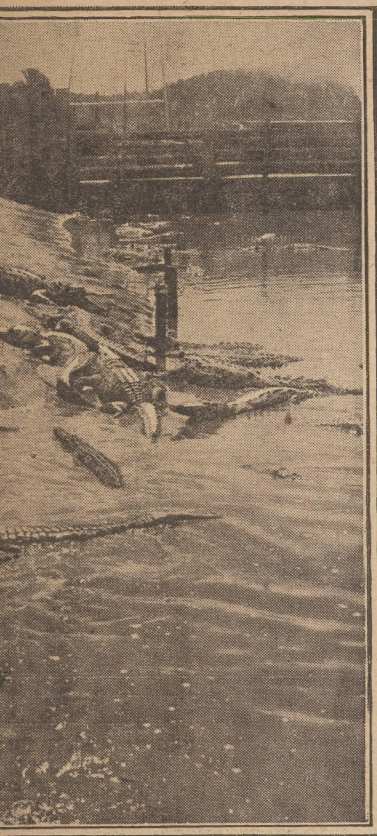
"DAILY MIRROR" READERS



TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.



AS A PROFESSION.



at Palm Beach, Florida, out of which he is rapidly and there is for the hides. — (Stereograph copyright, Underwood.)

"NOBODY'S SONS."



farewell with the "Doctor" before emigrating was in the photograph taking leave of a batch of young eye of their departure for Canada.

A STRIKING CONTRAST—HOW ENGLAND IMPORTS THE WORST PEOPLE AND EXPORTS THE BEST.



The Salvation Army is arranging to export 20,000 English families to the Colonies, many of whom, given the chance, would be numbered among the best of our citizens. In contrast, hundreds and thousands of outcasts from Europe are pouring into England. In the centre are typical photographs of three families now on their way to the Colonies and on each side are types of the people who have forced them there.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

By CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXXII

"Verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity."—Psalm xxxix, 6.

During these days those who were about Swindover told each other that he was like a man possessed. According to their different stations and occupations they expressed themselves in different ways—the servants at the London hotel, his own personal attendants, the clerks in his office, the people with whom he did business, the railway officials, the detectives, professional and amateur, with whom he was in daily communication; but all agreed, when their various modes of expression were translated into plain words, that if the millionaire did not soon change his tactics and become more like a reasonable human being, it would be impossible to have any further dealings with him.

The chief of his private secretaries, Adolphus Courcy, was the first to break his bonds. One gloomy afternoon, when the gas lamps in the streets glowed dimly through a stinging, choking veil of fog, the young man groped his way down the street in which Swindover's palatial hotel was situated, and, turning the corner, into a street of tiny, narrow houses, with preposterously high rents, found, with some difficulty, the one he wanted, and rang the bell with a heart infinitely lighter than the fog-laden air. It was one of those boxes of houses that abound in Mayfair, and in it—a none too welcome guest and dependent—lived the Lady Bernice O'Brien, the orphan daughter of an Irish peer, who had been as fascinating as his death was poor. Lady Bernice, left penniless at his death, a tall tom-boy, with glorious Irish eyes, had passed on from one relative to another. They were none of them rich, but some of them welcomed her, while others tolerated her. Her present refuge was with a great-aunt, sharp-tempered, long-winded, and devoted to dogs. She was now twenty-three, and she had refused so many eligible suitors that all her relatives were furious with her, and her great-aunt only kept her because she was cheaper than a companion and understood dogs.

Adolphus Courcy's position is easily explained. He loved Lady Bernice, and his love was returned. But he was, practically, penniless, and it was for her sake that he had swallowed his pride, accepted the scornful displeasure of his friends, and pocketed the princely salary that Swindover had offered him for his services as private secretary.

Lady Bernice escaped from her tyrannical great-aunt, and came down to the tiny dining-room to receive her lover, accompanied by four dogs.

"Bernice!" said Adolphus Courcy, going straight to the point, "I've been with this unspeakable cad four years. He's paid me five thousand a year, and I've saved it nearly all, looking on it as capital. It's well-invested, and it brings in about seven hundred a year. With my own miserable little income, it means just under a thousand. Will you risk it and marry me, because I can't stand it any longer?"

Lady Bernice, whose eyes were so magnificent that one hardly noticed that she had other charms, held out her hand.

"I've wanted to tell you often, Dolf, that I couldn't bear you to stay on with him," she said, "but I didn't like to, because I thought you'd think I was getting tired of waiting."

"I wanted to get more out of him," replied the young man, with a harsh and rather bitter laugh. "It was such an ugly business altogether, old girl, that it wasn't worth while if one only got a little out of it. But I can't stand it any longer. Since his daughter's disappearance the man's become like a raging lion and a lunatic rolled into one. So it's settled, old girl, isn't it? Say good-bye to the old lady, and we'll run to a special licence, and God bless you for waiting!"

That same evening Adolphus Courcy told Swindover that he must look out for another secretary.

Everything angered and irritated the millionaire at this period, but this news seemed to infuriate him.

"Oh, rot, Courcy!" he cried. "You know my ways, and I've got used to you. You're humbugging, I suppose. You want more money—eh, what? A bishop's salary isn't enough for a smart young chap like you. Well, you can have—"

"It is not a question of money, Mr. Swindover," the young man interrupted calmly. "I don't want to put you to any inconvenience, and I will stay until you have found someone else."

"What are you going for?" shouted Swindover.

"I am going to be married," said Adolphus Courcy.

"Then you're an infernal fool!" The ominous red spots flamed in the millionaire's flabby cheeks; indeed, they were hardly ever absent now, and his doctor had told him only yesterday that he would ruin his constitution if he did not control his temper. "What have you got to marry on?" he went on furiously. "You've been feathering your nest, I suppose, while you've been with me. I've noticed your cheeping ways, my young friend, and how am I to know what pickings you've had besides? But you're a fool all the same. Who's the girl?"

"The lady who has done me the honour to consent to be my wife," said Adolphus Courcy, "is Lady Bernice O'Brien."

This touched Swindover in his most vulnerable spot. His manner changed immediately, passing from fury to offensive jocularity.

"My dear boy, I congratulate you," he cried. "A bit of all right, the Lady Bernice, I've no doubt. Sly dog, to keep it a secret." And he

roared with laughter, while his little yellow-flecked eyes searched his secretary's face. "But why leave me because you're going to be married?" he went on, and the fat, ugly voice became almost whine. "You cut me down to the ground, my dear Courcy, and if I don't mind your having a wife, why should you leave? Two people can't live on the same as one, of course, I know that, my boy, and I'd be disposed to increase your salary."

Adolphus Courcy opened his mouth to speak; but Swindover's voice, swelling now with a gloating pleasure, drowned his protest.

"And, of course, we'd do our best to make the Lady Bernice comfortable. There's always plenty of room, where we go—ain't there, Courcy? So what do you think of that for a plan? I call it a bright idea, and I've no doubt we'd all get on together like a house on fire. I took to you from the first, Courcy; I may say I'm really fond of you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Swindover," said the young man, interrupting the flow of words by the simple and not too dignified method of raising his thin, well-bred voice above the millionaire's.

"I cannot, however, entertain your proposition."

"And why not?" Again the red spots burned, giving way gradually to the dull purplish flush that heralded an outburst of fury.

"Because it is a plan that does not commend itself to me," said Adolphus Courcy coldly.

"You stuck-up, impudent young puppy!" shouted the millionaire. "My plans don't commend themselves to you, don't they? I suppose I ain't good enough to associate with your fine lady of a wife? Well, you can go, then. I've watched you, you mean little skinkling, saving up my money till I suppose you've got some beggarly little hoard together. How do I know you ain't been robbing me all this time? Get out with you. Go and be a beggar, if you choose. I'd have done something for you that would have made you sit up, if you hadn't been too high and mighty to entertain my propositions, as you call it!" He laughed, with venomous malice.

Adolphus Courcy stood up, slim and erect, sleek and immaculate, insignificant in size compared with the millionaire's enormous bulk, but with scorn in every line of his cold, distinguished face, and a measureless superiority in his glance.

"If it were not that my sense of honour forces me to stay with you until you have engaged my successor, Mr. Swindover," he said quietly, "I should leave your service now, without any further notice."

"Go to blazes with your sense of honour!" yelled the millionaire. "Get out of this room, before I kick you out, and never let me see your ugly face again. You can go. I send you away. I dismiss you—you can have a cheque for a month's salary, if you want it. It's cheap to get rid of a little worm like you."

Adolphus Courcy went, sick with disgust at the vulgar scene, but infinitely relieved, and feeling in his heart of hearts that his friends had been right and that he had degraded himself, even though in a worthy cause, and that it was true that "no decent man could touch the brute or his money with a pair of tongs," or "be seen dead with him," which were the kind of phrases that men of his acquaintance had used. It was quite the least humiliating part of the whole episode that they had parted enemies.

But the next day Adolphus Courcy came face to face with Swindover in Pall Mall. The millionaire had evidently repented of his insulting words. His face, on perceiving his ex-secretary, expanded in the most self-complacent and odiously familiar smile; he shuffled forward, with hand outstretched.

"Courcy, my dear boy—"

But the young man stared at a blank wall, with a blandly unconscious expression, turned slowly, and went up the steps of his club—the club whose portals Samuel Swindover had never passed.

The millionaire stood for a moment, no longer red in the face, or purple, but livid, and his huge form literally trembled from head to foot. Then he hurried away, and several men who had been witnesses of the incident from the club windows turned, astounded but chuckling, to greet Adolphus Courcy, as he came in.

When the young man had explained, he was warmly shaken by the hand and congratulated all round, because the term of his degrading service was over and he "needn't know the brute any longer."

Perhaps a slightly impatient observer might have found it in his heart to apply a hard word to Adolphus Courcy's mode of showing his employer that he no longer desired his acquaintanceship; but it illustrated very clearly the absolutely unanimous feeling about Swindover that there was not a single one of his friends who did not applaud what he had done.

From that moment the rage that had possessed the millionaire ever since the day of his daughter's disappearance, burst all bounds. It was a rage for ruin, for destruction.

Woe to the man who did business with him, if that man crossed his will, went against his wishes, or even disagreed with him on some minor point! That man was crushed.

Woe to the servant who displeased him—that servant was dismissed without a character. Woe to the tradesman who failed to give satisfaction! No longer came the outrageously lavish orders for the millionaire's personal needs, or for his household.

(Continued on page 13.)

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[American Cartoonist.]

SIDELIGHTS ON YESTERDAY'S NEWS.

Interesting Paragraphs Concerning
Current Events.

Why Pelicans Are Held Sacred.

Flocks of pelicans are, as is their habit at this time of year, now winging their way in curious phalanx-shaped formation to the Nile, where they choose as nesting-places trees overhanging the water. By Mohammedans the pelican is regarded as sacred, the belief of the Faithful being that when Ali was dying in the desert from thirst after a battle a flock of these birds brought water to him in their bill-pouches and saved his life.

Basutos' Great Endurance.

The Basutos, who have elected at their "Piso," National Assembly, Letse to succeed his father, the famous Lerodithi, in the Paramount Chieftainship, display wonderful endurance in the saddle. When Lerodithi died one chief and his followers rode ninety miles through rough, mountainous country in less than two days in order to be present at the funeral. Letse becomes nominal ruler of nearly 300,000 Basutos. The people, on the whole, are fairly well-to-do, and own some 65,000 horses and 210,000 cattle.

Mr. Gladstone's Statue.

Where Aldwyth runs into the Strand by the Church of St. Clement Dane, a portion of the roadway has been boarded off and workmen are now busily preparing the site for the memorial to the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone. It is one of the best sites that could have been chosen. Against the background of the church the bronze statue of the great statesman, which will form the central figure of the design, will greet the eyes of all who pass eastwards along the Strand. The ceremony of unveiling is to take place on the 21st of next month.

The "Baby Market."

In the course of his work the late Dr. Barnardo often came into contact with those unscrupulous individuals who are the active agents of the London "baby market," in which it is possible to hire, or even buy, infants. "I know of several lodging-houses where I could hire a baby from fourpence to a shilling a day," he once said. "The prettier the child is, the better; should it happen to be a cripple, or possessing particularly thin arms and face, it is always worth a shilling. Little girls always demand a higher price than boys. I knew of one woman—her supposed husband sells chick-

weed and groundsel who has carried a baby exactly the same size for the last nine or ten years."

"Yellow Stockings" in Town Again.

The Bluecoat boys, once so familiar a sight in the City when their quarters were at Christ's Hospital, in Newgate-street, are rarely seen in London in force now. But on St. Matthew's Day, which fell yesterday, they still maintain the ancient custom of attending service at Christ Church in company with the Lord Mayor, who afterwards entertains the boys at the Mansion House. So yesterday afternoon quite a mild sensation was created when a long troop of bareheaded lads, each wearing a coat of blue circled by a leather belt, and with yellow stockings, went marching through the City. In the evening they returned again to Horsham.

Programme "Pirates."

The latest enterprise in London "piracy" is the sale outside several West End theatres of unauthorised programmes at the price of one penny. The "pirates" were seen last night boldly displaying placards announcing "Full programme, one penny," apparently without evoking any interference from the doorkeepers. It is hardly likely the respective managements will tolerate for long such an impudent encroachment upon the revenue they derive from the sale of programmes, though it may possibly lead them to realise that after all a penny is as much as the average programme is worth. Nowadays the cost of producing plays and running them is so enormous—the average cost of production of a play at a West End theatre is £1,400, and the average weekly running expenses £800—that managers eagerly cling to any source of revenue, however small.

Young Princes' School.

Osborne College, where, it is announced, the elder sons of the Prince of Wales will begin their naval training next term, was built on the site of the stables at Osborne House, which the late Queen bequeathed to the nation. The stable buildings were transformed into classrooms that can be divided up by sliding partitions if required, or left as a large hall to accommodate classes. The entrance examination at Osborne College is not of the usual kind, but aims at determining the amount of common sense the candidate possesses. A choice of two familiar subjects is given the would-be cadet, on one of which he has to write an essay. Afterwards he is examined viva voce by an examiner, whose object is to place the boy at his ease. The lad is asked the most absurd questions possible, and, having induced the boy to laugh, the task of the examiner is easy. The Young Princes will reside at Barton Manor, Osborne, which was purchased of Winchester College by Queen Victoria, and since her death has been furnished as a royal residence.

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REAL COMFORT and DURABILITY are embodied in this LUXURIOUS CHAIR, spring stuffed, upholstered and finished throughout in OUR OWN FACTORIES, made up in a choice selection of smart tapestries, suitable for any room. The price of the BERKELEY is 30/-, but we supply on the "Times" plan of Monthly Payments—2/6 Deposit, and Balance 4/- Monthly—and send the Chair carriage paid to any Railway Station in England or Wales, on receipt of 2/6 Deposit (Special Carriage rates for Scotland and Ireland). If not approved of, return the Chair at our expense, and we will refund your deposit in full. State Colour Required. No reduction for cash. Orders executed strictly in rotation. Mention Daily Mirror.

What our Customers say:

Mr. M. H. SCOTT, 5, Lynn House, Union St., Morimer St., W. Nov. 27th, 1905. "I find the Berkeley Easy Chair most comfortable, and am much pleased with same."

Mr. J. C. YATES, 26, G. Rd. F. Brock Green, W. Nov. 16th, 1905. "The Berkeley Easy Chair received from you is very satisfactory. It has proved a wonderfully comfortable and inexpensive investment. I have strongly recommended same to all my friends."

Mr. E. WILLIAMS, 1, Mooltan Terrace, St. Andrew, Jan. 31st, 1905. Received the Berkeley Easy Chair, which I find is the best piece of furniture I have ever owned for the money, strong, comfortable and handsome, and which can be used in any room. I have travelled all over the World almost, and think I ought to be an authority as to a chair for ease and comfort."

Mr. D. G. W. HUGHES, Manager, National Provincial Bank of England, Ltd. Aberystwyth, May 24th, 1905. "I have received the Berkeley Easy Chair, which is a very nice one and well worth the money. I am sending you an order for another one as I like them so much."

Mr. JAMES ROBERTS, M.Inst. M.E., Fernan House, P. R. S. O., Cornwall, June 27th, 1905. "I believe anyone purchasing your Berkeley Easy Chair will be satisfied with it at the price. The two you supplied me with are very comfortable."

Mr. BERNARD WOODHOUSE (B.A. Oxon), St. Martin's Villas, Penny Str. Ford, Bucks, Oct. 31st, 1904. "I am perfectly satisfied with the Berkeley Easy Chair that I bought and I have every confidence in your goods. I can recommend your firm without hesitation."

SEND TO-DAY FOR SAMPLES OF TAPESTRIES.

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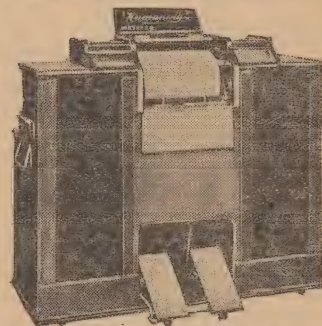
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The "Humanola," as advertised above, with £2 worth of Music, will be given to whoever guesses the correct number of internal parts of which it is composed. The correct number is in a sealed envelope in the possession of the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*, and the result will be announced in these columns on Saturday, September 30, 1905.

If more than one Coupon contains the correct number, all such will be put together and the prize drawn for, but whoever guesses the number correctly will be entitled to claim within three months from this date a "Humanola" at £25 with £7 worth of Music (instead of £22), thus £45 worth of free Music will be given to every purchaser who guesses correctly.

This coupon, when filled up, must be cut out and left with the attendant at Metzler's Stand at the Pompeian Court, Crystal Palace. For the information of those not conversant with such instruments it may be a guide to know that, for instance, 159 would be well under the figure, and 7,350 would be considerably over it.

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ADDRESS.....
I guess that the total number of parts in the "Humanola" is.....

"DAILY MAIL."

WHEN PEOPLE LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES—A SENSATIONAL FEATURE.

A MATERIAL WITH GREAT PROSPECTS.

GLASS TEAPOTS BOUND WITH SILVER.

Who would not wish to possess a "corner" in glass, say, ten years hence, for, is it not quite undoubtedly the material of the future? The intelligent declare that before another quarter of a century has elapsed we shall even live in glass houses and throw stones in them, and we will, since the new and perfected glass bricks, panels, and supports are to be manufactured in such wise that they prove as invulnerable as steel itself.

A glass-house, it is true, appears a somewhat cheerless dwelling in the mind of the simple; but, at least, it will have the advantage of exquisite cleanliness. As the spring comes round with every opening year it will need no papering, no painting—merely the application of a powerful hose by the men from the nearest local station of the Fire Brigade.

Portraits Executed in Glass.

Glass pictures are already very popular in New York, and several eminent painters are turning their attention to the new art. The colour effects gained by laying layer upon layer of differently tinted glasses are said to be beautiful, and yet the work bears no resemblance to the stained glass window effects with which we are so familiar. The young Duchess of Marlborough had a portrait of herself executed in coloured glasses by an American artist, not very long after her marriage, which now hangs at Blenheim Palace, where it has been much admired.

Glass Sets for the Toilet-Table.

Paying a flying visit to a country house in Rutland last week we were struck here, as in houses elsewhere, by the fact that glass is already playing a prominent part in the well-equipped dressing-room. The lady of whom we write in particular had a plate of fine glass laid over the top of her dressing-table.

In Paris they have just brought out some fascinating glass teapots, which are set with bands of silver. A silver ball pops up and down inside the pot, and prevents the boiling water from cracking the glass. The teapots are not only pretty, but practical, for you can see the diminishing store, and when an addition of boiling water becomes a necessity make it immediately.

ART NEEDLEWORK EXHIBITION.

Ladies who are fond of fancy work will be delighted with the beautiful show of prize needlework now on view at Messrs. T. J. Harriss and Co., Ltd., 256-266, Oxford-street, London, W. The exhibition comprises all the work of the successful competitors in the grand prize competition arranged by the manufacturers of Osoiki. Brightest Lustre Yarn. As every piece of work exhibited has been the gainer of a prize, it follows that the exhibition is one of exceptional merit and well worth a visit.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

When he turned his attention to financial matters went to a whole body of men whom he might never have seen. Here, as in all other matters, he acted without sense, without reason, simply on a blind impulse to destroy. He took up a market, as a juggler might take up an ivory ball, and played with it, buying, selling, forcing up prices, or sending them down by leaps and bounds, upsetting everybody's calculations, for no reason, for no purpose, simply because the rage that possessed him must have an outlet.

And of his vanished daughter there was no sign; not the faintest shadow of a clue was found that could lead to the discovery of her whereabouts. Not all the skill of logical, deductive brains; not all the power of the gigantic reward, enough to tempt almost any man, had brought to light the veriest glimmer of a wildly fantastic guess as to what her fate might be.

The gentlemen of the law, skilled though they might be, had left undiscovered that slight connecting link, the farmer's cart, driven by a man who was not sober, that had passed along the high road, with the town of Basildon as its goal, on the night, or rather in the early morning hours, of the day on which the millionaire's daughter had disappeared.

Thus they altogether missed the connection that might have been established between Richard Dangerville's bride, flying from her home, leaving a shoe behind, and the woman who, wet through, walking with apparent difficulty, and with the skirt of a tweed gown dragging in the mud, carrying a dressing-case in her hand, had taken a seat at Basildon railway station in the first workman's train that had left for Birmingham, about six o'clock in the morning of that same day, long before Mrs. Dangerville's flight had been discovered.

"The reward remains," cried Swindover, a fort-

night after Fay's disappearance, to the famous Scotland Yard man who came to him with a grave and uncompromising avowal of his defeat. "No, it doesn't remain—I'll increase it. Another five thousand—that makes fifteen thousand for anyone who finds my girl."

Meanwhile, Lord Blanquart and his son had withdrawn themselves almost entirely from any contact with their fellow-men, suffering in a subtle manner that was quite beyond the millionaire's comprehension.

Dick, in the great, lonely, splendid castle, and his father at Dangerville Hall—both were bowed to earth under a monstrous and intolerable sense of obligation.

Swindover might rage in his baffled fury, might shout aloud, with hideous oaths, into Dick's disgusted ears the story of how he had paid out outrageously for the totally inadequate pleasure of seeing him once more the undisputed master of his old home; but to father and son it was no matter for anger but for bitter mortification, the feeling

that they were enjoying a benefit for which they had not fully paid.

Several times Dick had formally made to Swindover the offer of the only course of action that he felt to be compatible with his honour—to tear up the deeds by which Balliol Castle and the gigantic fortune became his, to go out into the world again, a beggar, the debtor of his father-in-law in an extent that neither he nor his father could ever repay.

But Swindover would not hear of it. He wasn't going to let the world say that he went back on a bargain. That was his cry. Besides, the girl would be found. Of course, she would be found, and then there would be the bother of settling these matters all over again.

So Dick stayed on at the castle, each day striving to find some solution to the problem of how to act in the most delicate situation in which he found himself, namely, of accepting great benefits from a man he loathed and despised, and giving nothing in return.

The great household remained exactly as it was. The fiction, for everybody's sake, was kept up that before long the bride must inevitably return.

The only change that occurred in the fortnight that followed Fay's disappearance was that the Bavarian woman, Minna, Fay's confidential maid, gave notice through the housekeeper. She was afraid that some harm had come to her mistress, she said, and she could not stay on at the castle any longer without employment, especially as her mother was ill and needed her.

On the evening of the day that the woman's departure was announced to Dick, a strange thing happened. On the mantelpiece of his bedroom he found a twisted piece of paper, and wrapped in it, was the great Blanquart emerald, the ring that every Dangerville gave to his bride on the day of his betrothal, and that he had, reluctantly enough, placed on the finger of Swindover's daughter on the day on which their engagement was formally announced.

(To be continued.)



Design for a dainty evening jacket, to be worn with an under-dress of point d'esprit and lace. The coat is made of mauve, pink, and green brocade, is bordered with antique gold lace, and finished by means of pretty gold buttons. In the hair is worn a green comet aigrette, rising from a green rosette.

Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO POLICY.

It is impossible nowadays for either men or women to retain a place in the business world if they lose their hair. Business life has become so strenuous that employers do not hesitate to promptly dispense with the services of those who lose their youthful looks, because they realise that

To Look Old is to Feel Old,

which means loss of ambition, heart, and personality. Employers also complain of the dissatisfaction the retention of the bald and grey-haired inspires among young employees of calibre waiting to fill more responsible positions. Science has not been so lacking that a remedy does not exist. For this remedy the world is indebted to

Mr. Geo. R. Sims.

"I was rapidly going bald," he says in the "Daily Mail." "I went to two specialists. I was told something, and by dint of experiment I discovered 'Tatcho'."

Look at My Hair Now,

isn't that convincing evidence?" It would be no exaggeration to say that the use of "Tatcho" is like taking a sip at the fountain of perpetual youth. Looking young, you feel young, enjoy life and face the future with confidence. Mr. Geo. R. Sims places this precious gift of youthful appearance in your power. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair,

"Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain a

4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10,

carriage paid, has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity. In "Tatcho" you have the specific which is in use in the Army and Navy, in hospitals and convalescent homes, and is being prescribed by doctors themselves to hundreds of patients and non-patients. Humanly speaking, success in overcoming baldness, falling hair, and grey hair is assured by the use of "Tatcho."

CUT OUT THIS COUPON,

and send with P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid. "M."

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Ilcima Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for itchy, sore eyes, chilblains, chaps, nettle-rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and most stings. Prevails and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat riding or weakness.
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Water 1s., Cream 1s., Soap 10d.
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EAST END—WEST END?
By SIDNEY WARWICK.

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'EVENING NEWS'

TO-DAY.

powerful Fulham team opposed the Crystal Palace Club. Fulham scored the only goal of the first half. The home team equalised in an exciting second half, and the game was left drawn.

GENT'S Bicycle: Fagan 2-speed gear: £8 10s., cost £9 10s.
splendid condition; bargain: Wubbe, 47, Ladbroke
grove, W.

Headache

LIVER COMPLAINT, AND DISORDERED STOMACH CURED.

End of Twelve Years Acute Suffering.

TO be a sufferer from headache for the space of only half an hour, is very often a most painful, excruciating experience. What, then, must be the ordeal through which a sufferer must pass who has, for twelve years, been tortured by headache, liver trouble, disordered digestion, and weakness? It seems scarcely possible that anyone could, after all these years of agony and racking pain, be successfully and permanently restored to complete health and happiness. The following interesting story of a Scotchwoman's cure is conclusive proof that as a liver stimulant Bile Beans stand unrivalled. Mrs. Elizabeth McDonald, of 69, High Street, Rutherglen, Glasgow, suffered so acutely, that she wished for death. Interviewed by a reporter she said:—



"About twelve years ago I began to suffer from acute headache. Like many other women I rushed to powders, but I had to pay dearly for this later, for they left me in a far worse state than I had been before. The doctor assured me the headache would wear off, but his prophecy was never fulfilled. Four years ago—just after my daughter was born—I was in a dreadful state. I had spells of sickness and felt so dizzy at times that I was obliged to lie down. I could not see because of a sort of haze which came before my eyes. Both my liver and digestion were disordered. As month followed month, and year followed year, I continued to suffer, and so terrible did my condition become that I often prayed that I might die, and thus escape my agony. My minister advised me to go to the hospital, but by this time I had become so thoroughly convinced that I should never be well again. I had no hope left.

"I shall never forget the day on which I was persuaded to try Bile Beans. At first I was a little sceptical about them, and had it not been for my husband and family—who pressed me to take them—I should not have been alive to-day. At the time I commenced to take the Beans I had no appetite, and my sight was going fast. I could very rarely sleep, and when I did dose off I was disturbed by the most terrible dreams. I had been on with the Beans about a month when I began to feel better. My appetite showed signs of returning, my sight grew better, and the pains became less. I continued with the Beans until all trace of my illness had disappeared, and I felt that my whole system had been toned and strengthened. I am now perfectly cured and in excellent health, which is due entirely to Bile Beans."

THE FAMILY REMEDY.

Bile Beans are of a purely vegetable origin and entirely free from harmful mineral ingredients. Bile Beans do not gripe, they act on the bowels in a natural and easy manner, removing all causes of constipation, and do not cause after constipation. Bile Beans purify the blood and stimulate the liver and digestive organs.

Bile Beans are the safest family medicine, and a certain cure for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Pimples, Bad Blood, "Summer-end, Bag," Lassitude, Debility, "That Tired Feeling," Liver Troubles, "Bad Breath," Indigestion, Biliousness, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anemia, and all Female Ailments.

Obtainable of all medicine vendors, or post free from the Bile Bean Co., Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price 1/14d. per box, or large family size (containing three times quantity small size), 2/9d. Bile Beans are sold in sealed boxes only—never loose.

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COUPON.

For Free Sample Box of Bile Beans send this Coupon, name and address, and 1d. stamp (to cover return postage). Address, Bile Bean Co., Leeds, *Daily Mirror*, 22/9/05.

Bile Beans